The Relief Society Magazine

36 NO 9 Lessons for December SEPTEMBER 1949

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - First Counselor
Velma N. Simonsen - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Achsa E. Paxman, Leone G. Layton, Lillie C. Adams, Alta J. Vance
Mary G. Judd, Blanche B. Stoddard, Ethel C. Smith, Christine H. Robinson
Anna B. Hart, Evon W. Peterson, Louise W. Madsen, Alberta H. Christensen
Edith S. Elliott, Leone O. Jacobs, Aleine M. Young, Nellie W. Neal
Florence J. Madsen, Mary J. Wilson, Josie B. Bay

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 36 SEPTEMBER, 1949 No. 9

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Mormon Handicraft Shop ..... Ethel C. Smith 580
Relief Society Building News 586
Better Photography ..... Willard Luce 591
Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon ..... Christine Eaton 603

FICTION

Tempered—Part I ..... Gladys I. Hamilton 587
Martha, Papoose of the Great Spirit ..... James C. Young 605
Joanna—Chapter 9 ..... Margery S. Stewart 608

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 596
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 597
Editorial: Women Who Sew Together ..... Vesta P. Crawford 598
Notes to the Field: Annual General Relief Society Conference 599
Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons 599
Annual Report—1948 ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 610
Notes From the Field: Anniversary Parties, Bazaars, and Other Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 627
From Near and Far 648

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Patchwork Quilts ..... Alice Whitson Norton 585
The Making and Use of Decorative Candles ..... Mary Grant Judd 600
Edith Bunn Makes Unique Wagon-Wheel Rugs ..... Mirinda Knapp 602
Wastebaskets Where You Want Them ..... Rachel K. Laurgaard 604

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: "Continuation of the Perean and Judean Ministry" ..... Don B. Colton 633
Visiting Teacher Messages: "These Things I Have Spoken Unto You" ..... Mary Grant Judd 638
Work Meeting—Sewing: Children's Clothing ..... Jean Ridges Jennings 639
Literature: The Poet Shakespeare ..... Briant S. Jacobs 640

POETRY

Poplar Magic—Frontispiece ..... Ruth Harwood 579
Tranquility ..... Celia Van Cott 585
Autumn Winds ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 585
Autumn ..... Margaret B. Shomaker 586
That He May Know ..... LeRoy Burke Meagher 590
Reunion ..... Sylvia Probst Young 595
Invocation ..... Jessie M. Robinson 601
Hill Hunger ..... Grace Sayre 604
Wind ..... Helen Gee Woods 607
Reprint of Shakespeare's Sonnet 71 626
There Is Joy ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 637
A Friend Like You ..... Hilde Wittemund 647
Night ..... Jeanette P. Parry 647

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741: Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

Fashion-packed at a Budget Price!

Fashion is not a price tag at Z. C. M. I. . . . These smart 100% pure virgin wool covert coats by Pat Allen take you stylishly and warmly through the frostiest days—at budget cost. Two-season lining of luxurious rayon satin . . . adjustable cuffs! Grey, Green, Deep Red or Black. Sizes 10 to 18 and 18½ to 24½.

$25.00

Exclusive in Salt Lake in our READY TO WEAR DEPT. . . .

DOWNSTAIRS STORE

Pat Allen ...Exclusive...

ZCMI

Willard Luce

POPLAR TREES

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 9 SEPTEMBER 1949

Poplar Magic

Ruth Harwood

One tall golden taper of a poplar tree in autumn!

With sudden magic, the long years vanish
And I am once more in my own loved homeland,
In the valley of the high, snow-covered mountains,
Clear blue at morning and glowing roseate with sunset.

My childhood home again, all glad and safe around me!
My blessed little mother, courageous and so wise,
Cheerily singing as she weaves her household patterns.
How good to hear her precious songs after long silence.

Here, too, my kindly father smiling upon me once more,
The great gentleness of him poured forth in love of beauty,
To let him know, at last, how much his mountain-crest ideals
And splendid artist workmanship have beaconed me
Through all the years of my own faithfulness to heights!

And here are the children playing again in the shady garden,
Cherished by our father's care into a verdant loveliness;
Vines and bushes now so brightly jeweled in berries;
Fruit trees, richly laden for our nourishment and joy,
Rows of crisp young vegetables, health-brimming of their beauty.

Honeysuckle, delicate, sweet fragrance of remembering,
Swaying goldenglow, tall banks of it now blooming,
And evening primroses, with dusk dreams soft around them.
Oh, all beloved flowers are blooming here together
In the gracious tender season of the heart's remembering!

Rich treasures to behold through the magic portal
Of one tall golden taper of a poplar tree in autumn!

The Cover: The Mormon Handicraft Shop, Photograph by Hal Rumel.

The Mormon Handicraft Shop

Ethel C. Smith

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE beautiful new face of the Mormon Handicraft Shop smiles a welcome from the front cover of this *Magazine*, and bids us enter through its wide, sparkling glass door. Come in with me and see its newly decorated interior and the lovely handmade articles that can be glimpsed through the modern windows.

As the door closes noiselessly behind us, we find ourselves surrounded by exquisite handwork of all descriptions. The soft, warm tones of rose and green on the walls and ceiling make a perfect background for the displays on the center tables and in the shelves and cases lining each side of the room.

If it is your first visit to this unique store, I know you are wondering where all of these beautiful articles came from and why they are being sold here. So, before we make our tour of the shop, let me tell you what the Mormon

Courtesy The Deseret News

Eye-catching arrangements of gaily colored pot holders, hot pads, tea towels, monogrammed beach bags, lamps, and dolls of many kinds.

One popular item in this display is a set of hot pads made by a young man who is bedfast and unable to move from his back. By means of a mirror suspended above the bed, he weaves these attractive pads, thus bringing to himself a small income as well as the joy and satisfaction of accomplishment.

Hal Rumel

A center display of lovely baby things—a snow-white blanket of feathery softness, every thread of which is woven by hand; a pale pink and blue crib quilt with hundreds of unbelievably tiny stitches nestling among its folds to outline a dainty pattern. There are dresses and bonnets for girl babies, rompers and visored caps for boy babies; and bibs and bootees of all descriptions.

Many of the beautiful crocheted articles for babies sold through the shop are made by an elderly woman, who relives, with each one she makes, the joy she had with her own babies, at the same time she is helping to maintain herself financially.

Handicraft Shop is, why it was started, and how it operates.

The Mormon Handicraft Shop is a medium through which those persons having skill in the handicraft arts may offer their work for sale, and where others, desiring to beautify their homes, or seeking gifts for the enjoyment of friends, may purchase such art work. It stands as a symbol of the compassion and love carried in the heart of a beloved general president of Relief Society for those women affected by the depression of the "thirties." It is a monument to the culture and industry of our pioneer grandmothers, whose skills and crafts have been preserved throughout the years in Latter-day Saint families.

In 1937, under the direction of President Louise Y. Robison, with the approval of the Presiding Bishopric, the Relief Society organized the Mormon Handicraft Shop for these purposes: to provide an outlet for the handwork of women desiring to supplement the family income by working in their own homes; to preserve the handicraft arts of Latter-day Saint women of many nationalities; and to develop and increase appreciation for fine workmanship.

The work of the shop is carried on under the direction of the general presidency of Relief Society and is furthered by a committee of general board members and an advisory committee composed of

Hal Rumel

Featured in this display, in the foreground, is a crocheted afghan in many shades of red, its rows on rows of even stitches giving mute evidence of innumerable hours of patient, painstaking labor; an attractive hand-embroidered sewing bag, roomy and well-lined; and an exquisite crocheted lace table cover of intricate design perfectly executed.

On one end of this table stands a velvet-lined, two-tiered case. Through its glass front can be seen a striking display of beautifully designed silver pins, bracelets, and necklaces. This unusual jewelry is handwrought by an artisan who came from Norway as a convert to the Church. Each design is original and is never duplicated.

selected women who have an interest in, and a knowledge of such work.

During the twelve years of its existence, the business of the shop has continued to grow, and exquisite handmade articles have been sold. The list of contributors has grown until it now contains three thousand names. Articles are sent to the shop from all parts of the State of Utah, and from many other states; and homes in many different parts of the world have been beautified by lovely handwork that is representative of the industry and artistry of the Latter-day Saints.

The worthy purposes for which the shop was started have, in large measure, been fulfilled. Latter-day Saint women have been encouraged to preserve and develop their handicraft skills; a high standard of workmanship has been established; and hundreds of contributors have obtained funds through this medium with which to supplement their incomes. By selling her handwork through the Mormon Handicraft Shop, many a mother has helped a son or a daughter through school or a mission; emigrants from foreign lands have been able to add to their limited funds; women left as

widows have been able to feed and clothe their children more adequately; and indigent elderly persons have been able to help themselves.

The Mormon Handicraft Shop operates as a non-profit store. In order to continue as a going business, however, it must be self-supporting. Overhead expenses are met mainly by charging contributors a yearly membership fee of one dollar, and by retaining twenty-five per cent of the selling price of each article sold. During the summer tourist season, sales are usually sufficient to allow the shop to support itself. However, during the remainder of the year when the shop must depend largely on local trade for its support, it is regrettable that such trade is not always of adequate volume to provide the funds necessary to meet operating expenses.

THIS brief review of the history of the shop and its worthy purposes should bring to us the realization that we, as members of Relief Society, are actually stockholders in this business. We have a personal responsibility toward this "child" of Relief Society, which we can discharge by patronizing the shop and by acquainting our friends and associates with its fine purposes, as well as with the beautiful and useful articles sold here.

Hal Rumel

Proving an irresistible attraction to all who enter the shop is this beautiful exhibit of ceramic figurines, vases, plaques and dishes, artistically designed, fragile and lovely, with their trimmings of lace and flowers.

Hal Rumel

Here, at the top of a carpeted stairway, is the "Trousseau Room," with its quaint pioneer atmosphere. The spread on the four-poster bed is truly an heirloom piece; and thrown across the bed is a pieced quilt, its gay, blending colors forming the familiar "Double Wedding Ring" pattern. In a large case at another end of the room are other pieced quilts of many patterns, and numerous lace bedspreads, some white and some ecru, all different in design.

Next to this is a display of rugs in a variety of sizes and shapes—some braided and some woven. One particularly attractive, evenly braided rug is a sample of many that have been made by a woman who suffers from arthritis.

At the other end of this room stands an ald-fashioned walnut wardrobe, its open doors inviting us to look at the rows of embroidered, lace-trimmed pillow cases, towels, and luncheon sets, especially designed to delight the eye of a prospective bride.

AS we descend the stairway, we can see in the main room of the shop many other beautiful things which we have not had time to examine. I know you will want to come back again soon and see them all. And whenever you come in to purchase a gift for a friend or to choose something lovely for yourself, I hope you will remember the worthy purposes for which the shop was started, and those whom your purchases will help.

As we leave the unique Mormon Handicraft Shop and pass once more through its wide glass portal, I am sure you feel, with me, a deeper appreciation for this fine

Relief Society project and for those who have been instrumental in developing it. Let us all determine to show our appreciation by doing our part to keep the shop going and to help it grow.

Tranquility

Celia Van Cott

These hills, like a sweet old lady,
Wrapped in a paisley shawl,
Composed at the end of a day of rest,
Are our Utah hills in the fall.

The mountains are veiled in purple,
The hills wear a halo of light,
As soft as the blue in a patchwork quilt
To tuck them in for the night.

Autumn Winds

Dorothy J. Roberts

The roots of solace, shared, go deep
Under layered time, to keep
A glad return for those who stand,
Together, on remembered land.

But a sad return it is to stray,
Alone, upon a memoried way,
And lonely they, who shared no sowing,
In fields when autumn winds are blowing.

Patchwork Quilts

Alice Whitson Norton

IT'S out of style, my home-folks say, to make a patchwork quilt today, nobody wants it when complete, it's just an object obsolete, a waste of time, a sign of guilt, and poverty—a patchwork quilt.

Yet, when I let myself look back, to youth's glad day, in humble shack, a picture rises sweet and fair, of mother in a straight-back chair, her face aglow with joy—not guilt, while cutting pieces for a quilt.

To keep the pattern true and right she balanced shades of dark and light, and I remember one design she made was called "The Friendship Vine," and when each vine was stitched in place, to her it meant a friendly face.

Sometimes I ponder in my heart, how human eyes can view such art, and fail so utterly to see in it the true affinity of life a patchwork quilt may prove, when splashed with shadows, sun, and love.

There's bric-a-brac around my place, and bits of linens edged with lace, and yet the thing I love the most, and of it frequently I boast, without embarrassment or guilt, is, strange to say, a patchwork quilt.

Relief Society Building News

The names of the following stake, ward, and mission districts and branches have not previously been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* as having completed their Building Fund quotas.

BIG HORN STAKE
LOVELL WARD

Azalea City Branch, Southern States Mission*
Eastern Savaii District, Samoan Mission
Eastern Upolu District, Samoan Mission
Malaela Branch, Samoan Mission
Pesega Branch, Samoan Mission
Tutuila District, Samoan Mission
Western Savaii District, Samoan Mission
Western Upolu District, Samoan Mission

*Through an oversight this branch was not listed, as it should have been, in the *Magazine* for September 1948.

Autumn

Margaret B. Shomaker

A strange enchantment lies upon the land,
As leaves from green to golden yellow turn
And nature smiles to touch with magic hand
Emollient balm to leaf-thin tree and fern.
And in the blue sky overhead is swung
A golden harvest moon to lead and light
The way for shoals of tiny stars among
The cool, gray shadows of the autumn night.
Encircled low, the bending meadow grass
Is tiny flutes, with music liquid clear
To catch the sparkling sunbeams as they pass.
Bright symphonies of earth and sky cohere
Until each flower, bush, and tree is told
To wrap the autumn day in fragrant gold.

Tempered

PART I

Gladys I. Hamilton

GARNET BLENDALL tried to appear natural as she stood on tiptoe to kiss her husband, Lee, goodbye. Then, quite casually, she plucked a minute speck of lint from her father-in-law's rough whipcord coat.

Her blue eyes were sad, and within herself was a cold numbness, overlaid with a sincere regret and an aching weariness. Only she knew that her kiss was to be a final one as Lee's wife. Her marriage had failed and she was running out!

Senior Blendall, known to his associates as "Old Granite," cast his fierce gray eyes skyward and remarked, "A weather-breeder, Lee, sure as you're born!" Then he turned to the quiet woman in the wheelchair, put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and pressed gently. "Well, so long, Mother."

"Be careful, Grant." His wife's thin voice quavered slightly, then her eyes turned toward her tall son. "Take good care of your Pa, Lee. He's always so careless of hoof and horn when he goes to the stockyards."

"I will, Mom," Lee promised, "but you and Garnet are the ones to take care of yourselves while we're away." A worried look flicked across his fine bronzed face as he bent to kiss his invalid mother. Then again, with almost an air of shyness, he caught Garnet up to him in a great, crushing bear hug.

"We'll only be gone three days, Honey. Smith'll look after the chores for you. You won't need to worry about any of that."

But old Grant turned at Lee's words and glared at his daughter-in-law. "Don't you forget to remind Smith about that special feed and clean bedding for those new cows."

"I won't, Father," Garnet promised for the fourth time since the men had planned to ship the yearlings to Denver.

The new cows in question were Shorthorns, and the small beginning of still another sideline on the broad acres of the Blendall Ranch, two registered females and a very young calf, from one of the nation's foremost breeders. They were valuable, and very dear to the elder Blendall's heart.

Most of the three thousand acres of "Wheatlands" was utilized for raising wheat and feed for the beef cattle. Lee and his father managed the entire ranch with the help of a hired man, Smith, who lived with his family at the far edge of the ranch.

After they left, Garnet went about her work as usual. Mother Blendall talked little when her men were in the house, but she spoke scarcely at all when she was alone with her daughter-in-law. Her great brown eyes were the most alive thing about her, and at times they seemed to speak volumes that the unaccustomed lips could not voice; then again, they were blank and unreadable.

"*How* can I make her like me?" beat incessantly in Garnet's mind.

"What *is* she thinking? Why won't she let me show her that I really want to be one of the family?"

MOTHER BLENDALL was not entirely helpless, for she had the use of her hands to sew, knit, or prepare the vegetables each day. Moving about in her chair, she worked hour after hour in silence.

"A weather-breeder. . . . What did Father mean by that?" Garnet spoke with an interest she did not especially feel, but anything was better than this silence, broken only by the incessant clicking of those steel knitting needles. "I never saw a more beautiful December day! It's as warm and clear outside as a crystal ball. Why, the mountains seem close enough to touch." Garnet looked out at the blue-white day.

The needles clicked on. A log in the fireplace broke with a snap. The old-fashioned striking clock ticked loudly. Garnet had about decided that the older woman would not be drawn into trivial conversation.

Then, finally, Mrs. Blendall spoke. "There's weather coming. I feel it." There was another silence, then she continued, "A still, too-warm day in winter means wind or snow . . . or both, here in Colorado."

"The expression was new to me . . . " Garnet said.

"I'm sure it was!" came the short reply.

Garnet could almost feel the words she knew her mother-in-law was thinking. *What would a frilly, city doll know about weather-breeders,* or Shorthorns, or spring wheat *or any phase of farm life?*

Garnet smothered the sigh of defeat that rose to her lips and went into the large, sunny room that was her own and Lee's. It was the only place where she ever felt the least bit like her old self.

She pulled the heavy calfskin cases from under the bed and finished the packing she had started earlier. She planned to leave about two hours before the men returned. That way Mother Blendall would not be alone for very long. She would also ask Mrs. Smith to sit with her for awhile.

These first months of her marriage had been so difficult and bitter, yet very sweet, too, for she loved Lee with all her heart. But even that love could not help her endure the gruff insults of her father-in-law, nor the impassive, antagonistic silences of Lee's mother.

Mother and Father Blendall had been shocked when Lee married the little Southern girl whom he had known but two short weeks. Just a "thrill bride" they called her, but Lee and Garnet both knew that two weeks—or two years, it would have made no difference, it would still have been the same tender, enduring love.

They were happy and carefree when they went home to Wheatlands, but the scene which followed her advent into the Blendall family would be a hard one for Garnet ever to forget.

During the course of words and burning looks, she learned that Lee's father and mother had fondly dreamed that he would some day marry "Micky" Donaldson, a sturdy, capable neighbor girl who rode broncos like the wind, and handled

her tractor as expertly as her coupe. She even owned her own plane!

MICKY was a marvel of efficiency, while Garnet was as inexperienced and inadequate as a singing canary! She might be pretty, and sweet, and happy-natured, but she wasn't made for vigorous farm work.

"You need a wife and a helpmeet . . . not a little, deep-South, sho' nuff belle," old Grant had roared.

She remembered how Lee's mouth had set, and his chin squared out at his father's words. "How do you know that she isn't both, Sir? Give her a chance to show you what she can do, before you condemn her. She *at least* is willing to learn!"

"Please, Mother and Father Blendall," Garnet cut in, "I love Lee, and I do want to make him a good wife . . . and you a good daughter."

The explosion ended then and there, but she had only been patiently endured, never accepted wholeheartedly into the family.

Lee's position was far from comfortable, she knew, torn between two obligations, as he was. And as time went on the breach would widen until he would be forced to take sides, a difficult thing to do.

Lee's parents had been married for ten years before he was born, the only child of their union; and then they were no longer young. His mother had been a cripple ever since. So they had relied upon him and his young strength for everything. The two long years that he was in the army, were times they never spoke about, and only Smith saw and knew the loneliness they endured. Some of it Smith told to Garnet. She felt like a guilty interloper.

So, before she caused any more unhappiness, she intended to take herself out of Lee's life, before their love for each other turned to bitterness and disrespect.

And she would keep her child, the baby that could, by the very laws of nature, hold them all together by that one common bond, regardless of mutual love or admiration! The child, who had so recently made its existence known to her and of whom, as yet, Lee was entirely unsuspecting.

Garnet drew a mental curtain across the painful memories, the resentment and dislike, which she had never been able to overcome. She tried to shut out the recollections of happiness which she and Lee had found in their love. Perhaps, later, things would be different. But now, she must carry out her plans. She must leave Wheatlands.

She fastened the cases and shoved them back under the bed. Over by the window, gazing out across the golden stubble of wheat toward the blue expanse of mountain peaks, she realized how very much she had grown to love this country of the plains. The ever-changing mood of clouds and shadows on Pike's Peak to the north, the brilliant sunshine gleaming all around her on the golden fields.

PART of the sky was darkening. Great, ragged clouds rolled over the saw-edged peaks like tumbleweeds in a gale. By four o'clock, the wind was sharply cold. Within another hour the country was gripped in an icy blizzard, with the

wind shrieking around the corners of the house, whistling in the eaves like a lost banshee, and rattling window panes dangerously. Snow fell in hard, little ice pellets.

It was all that Smith could do to make the distance up the hollow to do the chores. He coughed hoarsely. "It's a very bad night, sure, Mrs. Lee," he offered as he gave Garnet the warm milk to strain and cool. "Just give me a ring if you an' Mrs. Blendall need any help."

"I will," Garnet promised, glad that the phone was a link with people who knew and understood this beautiful, but sometimes terrifying country.

"By the way, Smith, did you bed down old Chub and Buttercup and little Wobbly-legs? We must make sure, you know," she ended with a meaning little smile.

Her unoriginal cow names were even new to him. "You mean the Shorthorns?" he asked.

Garnet nodded.

"I sure did!" Smith said, "just like Mr. Blendall told me to."

"Thanks. Father *is* particular where his stock are concerned."

They smiled together at old Grant's idiosyncrasy.

"Take good care of that cold, Smith," Garnet called after him through the storm.

The women ate their lonely supper before the open fire. Garn sat on the hassock at the old woman's feet and wished that L were home. She wanted his stron hard arms around her shoulde she needed his understanding co panionship to quiet her fears, lips on her hair, telling her he lov her.

"Like this new gingerbread reci Mother? I used a new brand molasses. It's milder."

Garnet was always trying ne tempting dishes to please the moth whose days seemed so monotono But beyond a few words or no Garnet never knew whether mother-in-law approved of her coo ery or not. Her sincerest overtu were almost always ignored.

Once Garnet had walked t miles to pick strawberries from neighbor's garden so that Mrs. Bl dall might have a shortcake, and only comment, after Garnet h gone to all the trouble, had be "Plain food's best."

The wind continued to howl fury, and did not lessen. Garn was afraid. The big walnut bed w cold without Lee, cold and emp She reminded herself that she mig just as well get used to the loneline used to the fact that only a smoo expanse of cold sheet would gr her arms each night after she sev ed the bond of her hasty marria

(*To be concluded*)

That He May Know

LeRoy Burke Meagher

Autumn, loose the amber leaves,
Make bare the frosted limb;
Let wind and waves convey this bit
Of beauty out to him.

There is no autumn where he lies
Upon a cross-rowed hill,
And transient leaves would let him kn
He shares my autumns still.

Better Photography

Willard Luce

PHOTOGRAPHY is without question the number-one hobby in America today, posly in the world.

Literally miles of film are used ery year, pictures of people, picres of trees and mountains and vers and lakes, pictures of buildgs and streets, pictures of everying. Magazines are filled with em, albums are filled with them, awers and boxes are filled with em.

And perhaps it should be so; for ey are recorded fractions of time hich will never return. The peoe, the scene, the earth will never exactly the same again as it was ring that one instant of exposure.

The sad part is not that the film used, but that too much is used, o much wasted. Not that fair ctures are not made, they are; but n good pictures are far better than hundred fair ones. Anyone can ke *fair* photographs. Anyone can so take good pictures with just a ttle more time, a little more ought, *and a little less film.*

If film cost ten times what it oes, the average snapshooter would e much more critical about how he ed it. Instead of snapping a hunred shots and hoping the law of erage would give him a few worthhile pictures, he would take only n and get far more good pictures nong those ten than among the ndred.

And you don't need an expensive meral

For the average person, most things can be photographed as effectively with a box camera as with a more expensive instrument, although the box camera has many limitations, as mentioned below. When used within these limitations, however, it is a very effective, picture-taking machine.

It cannot, usually, be used for anything closer than six feet even with a portrait attachment. And then it is difficult to get the proper composition, for what you see in the view-finder is not what you get on the film, due to what is called parallax. But, anyway, there is little the average person would want to photograph closer than eight feet.

The box camera isn't effective on cloudy days, because of exposure. The regular snap is too short and we, as humans, are too slow to open the shutter set on time and close it again without burning up the film. This really isn't as serious as it seems, however. Few cloudy day photographs are effective anyway, and, in America, there are far, far more sunny days than cloudy ones.

I understand some of the new color films can be used in box cameras but, I am afraid, not very satisfactorily since the exposure of color is so critical. Before trying it, I would consult a good photo dealer for instructions.

THEN the box camera doesn't give critical enough focus for big enlargements, but for the average person wishing snapshots for his photo album, that is hardly a limitation.

Willard Luce

CLOUDS AND TEMPLE SPIRES

Infra-red film and a red filter create dramatic cloud effects. Regular panchromatic film with a red filter will also give a very dark sky and white clouds, but the foliage remains dark. Panchromatic or orthochromatic film, with a yellow filter, will give you normal sky correction.

There is, however, one quite serious limitation of the box camera—that of exposure. The exposure of the camera is so calculated as to get a picture in sunlight, but there is a great deal of difference in sunlight. At high altitudes, for instance, the sunlight is much more intense than on the coast. For that reason a film can be exposed in high altitudes a much shorter time. As a result, a great many negatives taken with a box camera are badly overexposed, which burns out most of the details and the beautiful gray tones.

This, however, can easily be corrected by using a yellow filter which will also darken the sky and bring out any clouds which might be there. If you haven't a yellow filter and one seems too expensive, a piece of yellow cellophane held over the lens will do just as well.

Very dramatic cloud effects can be created by the use of infra-red film and a red filter. This gives a black sky, black shadows, and white foliage. A fairly long exposure, plus the need of a slightly longer

Willard Luce

NIGHT OVER ZION

This night photograph was taken with a box camera. The slight distortion here was caused by pointing the camera upwards while making the exposure. Taking the picture from across Main Street and enlarging only a section of the negative helped make the distortion less noticeable. The camera was placed on a mailbox while making the exposure.

Willard Luce

A FRAME OF FOLIAGE

Note the effect of the foliage in the picture. Proper framing greatly enhances any photograph.

distance between the lens and the film, makes infra-red photography unsuited for the box camera.

I have seen, as I'm sure you have seen, hundreds of pictures having a person standing facing the camera with a building or a mountain in the background. Here you have not one picture, but two, the picture of the person and the picture of the building or the mountain. The center of interest is divided, and both fight for attention.

With an expensive camera the background can easily be thrown out of focus. But if the building in the background is going to be fuzzy and distorted, why have it there at all? Why not, instead, photograph the person against a smooth wall, or, better still, against the sky. Either makes an excellent background for a personality shot. It isn't fair to the person or to the scene to attempt to give them both equal importance within the framework of the same photograph.

Excellent pictures can be made including both, if the person is looking at the scene and not at the camera. This actually directs the viewer's eyes to the building or the scene, giving it more importance.

Photographing a building when close to it creates what is called *distortion*. This is caused by the fact that the bottom of the building is much closer to the camera than the top, which causes the building to appear to be leaning or falling backwards.

This is often used by top-ranking photographers to create an effect. In a salon print, properly mounted, it is often very effective. In most album-sized prints it is usually only distracting and disturbing. It is well to understand the trick and to use it with caution.

This same principle of distortion can be used effectively in framing a picture. Small objects close to the camera can be made to appear as large as a building farther away. This may give a feeling of depth to a photograph, as well as creating a striking composition. An arch, a gateway, a window, or a tree can be made into a frame for the scene proper. But once again all this must be used with a certain caution.

THEN, of course, there is night photography. Many buildings at night, especially the Latter-day Saint temples, are beautifully lighted, but few people have night photographs which they have taken themselves. And yet it is very easy—even with a box camera.

Whatever camera you use must be set on time, placed on something solid, and the shutter left open from five to fifteen minutes. That's about all there is to it. A tripod, of course, is best to hold the camera as it can be moved in order to get the best composition. It is also solid and will hold the camera during the exposure. If you haven't a tripod, the top of a car, a mailbox, a window sill, or even the sidewalk will do. If someone walks between the camera and the building during the exposure, it will make no difference. If a car drives between, it won't matter, so long as no direct light shines into the camera lens.

These are only a few suggestions. There are hundreds more, thousands. Study the photographs in the maga-

zines you buy. They are by top ranking photographers who have spent time and money learning their trade. Their ideas can be adapted and used.

Perhaps in time we can make photography not only America's number one hobby in *quantity* of production but also in *quality* of production.

Willard Luce

THE GREAT TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

People should be a normal part of the scene. Whenever they look at the camera they attract too much interest from the scene to themselves. Just photographing some of the many people who visit Temple Square could be a fascinating hobby in and of itself.

Reunion

Sylvia Probst Young

I turn the corner to a quiet street,
There stands a little house that I call mine
That white frame over by the willow tree;
Its front porch holds a honeysuckle vine,
The western window frames a twilight sky
And larks are nesting in the willow tree—
In that small world is all my happiness
Within a family circle's intimacy.

I hurry now, for coming down the street,
I see them . . . . How familiar is the noise
Of racing feet . . . and I am back again
With three I love—three little boys.
They almost smother me as each one tries
To hug me first—and then we go
Back to the house to tell of all we did,
Although I left less than an hour ago.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations

WOMAN

The central flower divinely white
Is Chastity! so pure it greets the sight,
And drooping modesty, so true and rare,
Her charms enhance, and make all traits seem fair.
—E.R.S.

HOMESPUN TALKS TO MOTHERS: Mothers, you and I cannot afford to slight or neglect this home-truth. Our daughters, giddy, happy, restless creatures that they are, will learn more lessons from the theatres they visit, the books they read, than from all the sermons or rebukes they may hear. Much that has been taught them in their childhood of truth, morality, cleanliness and even faith will remain indelibly fixed in their minds. But you have forgotten or overlooked the fact that with most women all these things are swept aside if her love happens to be placed on an unworthy object. Love is a most powerful agent in any woman's mind. And when it comes to the mind of a young, thoughtless, inexperienced girl, it is an agent that enters in as it were and possesses the whole being.—Homespun

A FALSE STEP: Perhaps you have made a false step, and have lost hope in consequence. You probably exaggerate the evil done. Don't fancy that everybody is talking about it. People have plenty to think about, and they will not be interested in you very long. "Try again." Choose a new path, and cut down the briers, and subdue the obstacles, which, after all, are only there to test your strength. You will be happy in doing this, and you will be respected by all the other plodders in their respective pathways.—Mattie W.

BEAVER STAKE: The stake conference of the Relief Society convened August 12th, in the L.D.S. meeting house, Beaver City. President Lucinda Howe presiding. After the opening exercises the presidents of the various branches gave their reports, showing that a portion of the sisters are alive to their duties and helping to care for the poor and sick. Sisters Zina Young and Minerva Snow being present addressed the conference both forenoon and afternoon. Sister Zina Young was happy to meet with the sisters. "It is a duty to meet together and if we wish to live happy we must make our duties our pleasures. We are the daughters of God and we must acknowledge His goodness and mercy. We must be filled with integrity toward Him for it is worth more than the riches of this world as it will lead us back into the presence of God. We must be united and make our homes happy and pleasant."

—Louisa Jones, Stake Sec.

THANK GOD

Thank God for dreams, in which our loved ones come
From fairer homes, and make less burthensome
Life's weary longings, and its weight of care,
Which we must carry till we join them there.

—Lula

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

IN connection with the M.I.A. June conference, the six famous King Sisters, originally of Utah, sang in the Tabernacle in the sacred Book of Mormon cantata composed by their father, William King Driggs. Particularly outstanding was their beautiful sextet number, "Daughters of Ishmael." These handsome and talented young women are: Maxine (Mrs. La Varn Thomas), Louise (Mrs. Alvino Rey), Alyce (Mrs. Sidney d'Azavedo), Donna (Mrs. James Conkling), Yvonne (Mrs. Robert "Buddy" Cole), and Marilyn, seventeen and unmarried. They came, at their own expense, from California and New York to participate in this excellent musical event. Of the married daughters, Donna has three children and the others two each. All are active workers in Church organizations.

MRS. ANNIE KING, of Brantford, Ontario, Canada, has passed away at the age of one hundred and ten years. After turning one hundred, she still did her own housework, cooking, laundering, and shopping.

LITTLE GOLD PIECES by Juliaetta Bateman Jensen (Mrs. Christen Jensen) is a story of the life and courage of the author's mother, in a setting of pioneer times. Details have authenticity, scenes are vividly recreated, and the story is told simply and honestly. All well written, the book contains frequent passages of real beauty.

CARRIE LARSON ERIKSEN died in Salt Lake City in July at the age of ninety-eight. She came to the United States from Fyn, Denmark, at the age of twenty, and married Joseph S. Eriksen in Chicago. The Chicago Branch of the Church was organized in her home there.

MARTHA C. EARNEST, a woman of great courage and renown, widow of "Boney" Earnest, famed Indian Scout, died in July at the age of ninety-seven in Alcove, Wyoming. She was a personal friend of Wild Bill Hickock, Buffalo Bill, Calamity Jane, and other frontier characters. She fought Indians, herded cattle, and hunted with her late husband.

ONE of the ninety-eight United States memorial stamp issues honoring private individuals was printed to pay homage to Susan B. Anthony, the noted worker for woman suffrage.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 SEPTEMBER 1949 NO. 9

Women Who Sew Together

She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple (Proverbs 31:21-22).

IT is a friendly and pleasant custom for women to sew together. Ever since the long ago when the soft wool and the strong flax and the yielding cotton were first spun and woven into cloth, the busy hands of women have fashioned beauty and utility. While their fingers have deftly threaded intricate designs or stitched seams for plain clothing, their thoughts, perhaps, have wandered from the work in hand, and as the poet says, "they were stitching life instead."

The modern woman, supplied with a sewing machine and perhaps a hemstitcher or buttonhole maker, a hemmer, or a gatherer, still goes back across the path of centuries to fashion exquisite designs with her own hands, to take the purple and the fine linen and weave them into her dream of beauty.

Thus the woman of today is one with her sister of ancient Israel whose hands held the spindle and the distaff. The woman of today is one with many housewives, who took the thread and the looms and the fabrics of their native lands and looked well to their households by providing clothing and linens and ornamental tapestries. From these women we have inherited more than physical appearance, our mental abilities, or our talents and gifts, we have inherited their love of beauty and industry. They were our spiritual ancestors as well.

The women of the New World, the ambitious, untiring, New Englanders who made their varied rugs and their patched quilts have handed down to us a tapestry of handwork and sewing that makes a delightful and unified composition of various strands of usefulness and decorative design.

In the mountain valleys of the pioneer West, knitting and crocheting, netting and embroidery, spinning and weaving, cutting and stitching, patching and mending occupied afternoon hours and the evenings into twilight and continued by candlelight and by embers of the fireplace. And, as women sewed and seamed together, they developed love and understanding and deep companionship. Two friends traveling by wagon from St. George to Salt Lake City, knitted all the way and made the winter stockings for their families. And they made a closer knitting of lifelong friendship.

Many of us recall rag bees and quilting bees and the women who comforted, consoled, and encouraged each other between quick flashings of needles and the looping of the thread. Many of us remember long

afternoons and the time between sunset and twilight when we sat with our mothers on shaded porches and embroidered pillowslips and table linen and settled, in our way, the problems of womanhood, and charted ahead the long days that would lead far away from home and its protecting walls.

Relief Society women, since the meetings more than a century ago in Nauvoo, have been experts with needles and crochet hooks, and quilting frames and looms for rugs. They have sewed together and have woven friendships and attitudes of charity and compassion, giving generously from full hearts and busy hands to the loom of years.

V. P. C.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 28 and 29, 1949. On Thursday afternoon in the Tabernacle a meeting will be held to which the general membership of Relief Society and the public are invited. The attendance at the meetings Wednesday and Thursday mornings is limited to stake and mission officers.

Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The educational counselor in both the stake and the ward should present to the president of the respective organizations a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The educational counselor should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the educational counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase the textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Educational counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

The Making and Use of Decorative Candles

Mary Grant Judd

Member, Relief Society General Board

[This is the sixth in a series of short articles on table decorations, flower arrangements, and related subjects. In the coming months Sister Judd will present other suggestions suitable to particular seasons.—Ed.]

NEXT to June, September is the most popular month of the year for weddings. And weddings and candles just naturally go together. Though science has been able to give us far superior lighting from the standpoint of efficiency and brilliance, it has never been able to duplicate the soft glow of candlelight. For this reason, dinner tables, as well as background effeets for weddings (to mention only a few of many uses) turn to candles for just the right touch.

This month I would like to tell you of some interesting and beautiful decorations that can be made from new or partly burned candles. So, after the wedding dinner, don't throw the used candles away, but store them, to be brought out later, particularly at Christmas time.

For individual candle favors that may serve, if desired, to support place cards, melt candles in a saucepan. Pour the melted wax into very small molds to the depth of about half an inch from the top. When the wax is cold and has hardened, place the mold in warm water until the candle can be released. In the meantime, slice a ready-made candle into one and a half-inch pieces and push one of them into the center of each mold, thus furnishing a wick. You may like to use contrasting colors for the outside and the center. For the center of your table make the same sort of candles, half an inch only in depth. As you remove them from the mold, shape the edges to make them resemble an open flower like a wild rose. For the centerpiece use a low container with small pin frogs holding lily-shaped leaves. Float your wax flowers among the leaves. Just as your guests are to be seated, light the tapers at the individual places as well as those in the centerpiece. They will "oh" and "ah" at the lovely and unusual effect you have achieved.

To make the lovely Christmas candles such as those illustrated, take tall cans in the forty-six ounce size, such as those used for grapefruit or tomato juice. Be sure to choose cans with no ridges. After cutting out the top of the can all the way around, make a circle of cardboard the size of the top. In the center of this cardboard make a small hole into which insert a ready-made candle. It is placed upside down and projects above the cardboard about six inches. This ready-made candle supplies the wick for the large candle and furnishes the base around which the conical top of the finished candle can be molded.

When ready to pour your wax

into the can, melt it in a saucepan, being careful to let it get warm but never hot, for hot wax discolors. The pouring process is done in three stages. First, fill the can to the top under the cardboard; allow it to harden thoroughly, when you will notice that there is a vacuum around the inserted candle. Your second step is to fill in this space with more warm wax. Remove the cardboard and, when the wax has hardened once more, take a spatula and build the candle to a conical shape by adding small amounts of soft wax and molding it with your fingers. (Note the candle at the extreme right in the illustration and you will see the smaller candle protruding from the top of the nearly finished one.)

Allow the wax to harden for the third time, then warm the can in a pan of water until the candle can be taken out. The sides will be soft, allowing you to score them with a fork for a pretty effect.

Now comes the most fascinating part of all, when your own artistic ability is given free play and you decorate the candle according to the use you want to make of it. Notice the illustration and the Christmas bells, colorful balls, and ribbon that are about to be used. One woman takes sprigs of live

holly and attaches them to the candle with bits of wax, tying a final bunch at the top with a red bow. Artificial flowers, such a poinsettias, are effective and the silver leaves one finds at Christmas are always good. *But keep the candles simple.*

Besides being so lovely, these candles may be used season after season. As they burn down, build them up again by adding more wax. Sometimes you may like to drip one color over another for an unusual effect.

Invocation

Jessie M. Robinson

I would not be curtained from beauty—
Let loveliness linger with me:
The mystical blue of the evening,
The hyacinth gleam of the sea,
The filtering gold of the sunlight
That shines through the green of a tree,
The lavender isles of the morning—
Let loveliness linger with me.

Graceen Studio

EDITH BUNN, TOOELE, UTAH, MAKES UNIQUE WAGON-WHEEL RUGS

Reported by Miranda Knapp

EDITH BUNN has found a new hobby, with a pioneer flavor. She makes attractive and useful rugs, using a wagon wheel for her loom. Smaller wheels, of various types, may be used for making smaller rugs. Suitable materials are of great variety—old bedspreads, draperies, blankets, hose, housedresses, or any discarded fabrics which still have some wear left in them. Dull or faded colors may be dyed to harmonize with a definite color scheme, or a hit-and-miss design may be made. The longest pieces of material, cut three to four inches in width, depending upon the strength and weight of the material, should be used for the foundation strips across the loom.

The wheel loom is placed upon three chairs and is marked with red fingernail polish into eight equal sections.

Four long strips of cloth make the eight spokes of the wheel and form the foundation of the rug's design. These strips are securely tied to the rim of the wheel. The fifth long strip should be tied to the wheel adjacent to one of the eight original strips of material. This point constitutes the "place of beginning" during the completion of each phase as the rug is woven. The fifth strip is taken to the center of the wheel and held with one hand while weaving is begun with the remainder of this strip. Circle the center about five to seven times, adding more material of the same color if necessary.

At the completion of this initial weaving, another strip of the same color is fastened to the same place on the rim of the wheel and taken to the center, where it is woven twice around the center and then brought back to the rim adjacent to the next one of the eight original spokes of the wheel, where it is tied. Then a new piece of cloth is tied to the rim next to the original spoke and this is taken to the center, woven around twice, and taken back to the rim at the point of the second spoke and tied. When finished, each spoke of the rug will have five strpis, except the original

spoke, which will have six. This is necessary to make the weaving come out even and will not show up in the finished rug.

A striking design is made by using white strips to begin with, which will make the center of the rug look like the hub of a wagon wheel. When the weaving is completed, baste the end of each strip to hold the rug together, then untie the rug from the wheel rim and cut the edges even, leaving two to four inches of material for fringe. Then sew around the last circle of weaving on the sewing machine so that the rug will not come apart when it is washed. These directions are for very large wheels. On smaller wheels use only three or four strips to each spoke.

Mrs. Bunn and her husband Arthur S. Bunn live at the Bauer Ranch south of Tooele. Edith is the daughter of Edward and Mary Ann Atkin Lougy. Her grandfather Francis X. Lougy was one of the six families who settled Tooele in 1849. The Bunns are the parents of six children, all married, but Mrs. Bunn is kept busy with Church work, housekeeping, handwork, and demonstrating the making of her unique wagon-wheel rugs.

Suggestions for a Work Meeting Luncheon

Christine Eaton

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

(Serves 40 people)

- 6 or 7 lbs. of potatoes
- 4 qts. of milk
- 3 onions sliced
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup margarine, bacon fat, or chicken fat
- salt to taste
- 1 tbsp. celery salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- a little cayenne
- chopped parsley

Cook potatoes with onions until very soft. Scald milk. Drain potatoes and add potato water to milk. Rub potatoes through a sieve and put with other mixture. Melt the fat and add flour, stirring all the time. Pour some of the hot potato mixture into thickening, then return to kettle and cook 5 minutes. Add chopped parsley and serve.

SANDWICHES

- 3 or 4 loaves of bread
- 1 pint jar mayonnaise
- 3 large bunches of carrots
- chives

Grate or shred carrots. Mix with mayonnaise and add a little chives. Spread mixture on the bread.

OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups oatmeal
- ¼ cup sweet milk
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. soda
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped raisins

Cream shortening and sugar, then add the beaten eggs. Sift together flour, cinnamon, baking powder, soda, and salt, then add the oatmeal and combine with the first mixture. Add the raisins and milk (just enough to make a stiff dough). Drop on baking sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake in hot oven 375°F. from 12-15 minutes.

Wastebaskets Where You Want Them

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustration by Elizabeth Williamson

OATMEAL boxes—the large size—can be transformed into convenient little waste-paper baskets by means of a bit of colorful paper, paste, and scissors. The big wall-paper sample books which paint stores discard every so often, supply a never-ending choice of handsome papers. Some of the pretty new shelf linings, even a bright piece of calico, will make a fanciful cover for a little scrap receptacle in kitchen, bath-room, or bedroom. Tuck one in the closet to catch soiled hose and handkerchiefs that get lost in the family hamper. Don't forget the children's room—in just the spot where the most scraps fall.

Maps make interesting wastebasket covers beside the desk in the den, and many magazine pictures are worth preserving for awhile, pasted on those useful oatmeal cartons.

Hill Hunger

Grace Sayre

Once I knew fleet, laughing waters
And the talking wind in the tall pine tree;
I reveled in pungent wild sage blowing
Over the hills that stretch to the sea.
Now I know hunger for the stream's going
And sorrow is in me—my feet are bound,
My heart's song buried, away from my mountains.
Oh, let me again hear the plaintive sound
Of a night bird singing a twilight song
To his lone mate nesting near the ground.
Oh, let me hear again the stream's gay laughter
And follow its song in my dream—thereafter.

Martha, Papoose of the Great Spirit

A True Story

James C. Young

IT was the summer of 1861, and to Martha Granger Young, wife of William Goodall Young of Grantsville, it seemed unbearably hot in the dirt-floored cabin, but she had been gone so long tending the wounded Indian and chattering with old Sister Davis she couldn't stop to step outside for a breath of air. William would be coming to dinner any minute.

Perspiration rolled off her temples as she slowed her bread kneading and reached over to stir the wild mustard greens on the stove. Then she caught the perspiration with a corner of her apron and quickly resumed kneading. A few more punches and the dough was gathered in a smooth, flattened roll in the bottom of the pan. She laid a clean white cloth over it and set it on a chair close to the stove. It must rise again as soon as possible and be ready so that she could pinch and cut off some to fry for William's dinner. She lifted the teakettle to check whether or not it was full. It was nearly empty, and she filled it with the last water in the bucket and stepped out through the door under the willow-covered shade that William had built for her. She was the only woman in Grantsville whose husband had been thoughtful enough to erect such a shade. A great surge of gratitude rushed over her as she plunged the bucket into the lizard-mounted barrel* and stepped back over the threshold.

William was good to her. Only last week he had brought her two yards of curtain material from the city to hang over the new window he had cut in the west wall. She put the bucket on the wood box, which also served as washstand, and with a careful, almost reverent hand, adjusted the curtain so that the two sides were more nearly the same in shape.

Going back to the door, she looked out and calculated the time from the position of the shadow cast by one of the posts supporting the shade roof. She judged the time to be nearly one o'clock. William, punctual whenever possible, was late today. A shadow of fear flitted into her bosom, but she quickly expelled it. Surely the Indians would not have come raiding again so soon after having been so severely beaten only a little over three weeks ago. No, William was probably having trouble with the new ditch the men had made that spring. The ditch-bank had not had time to settle and sod down yet, and one clay point had given trouble all spring. Or

Note: A lizard was two logs hewed flat on the bottom and laid on the ground as skids or runners, with short pieces of planking nailed across them to form a platform on which a sixty gallon wooden barrel was mounted. To this a horse was hitched and it was pulled to a ditch or stream and filled with water and then pulled back to the house. It was in many cases the pioneer water system.

perhaps someone had come to see the bishop about some matter that needed William's immediate attention.

Maybe she would have time to start sprinkling the floor. If she could get the bed end of the room done before William came that would be that much of her afternoon work finished. She lifted one end of the bed and set it over a little and then the other the same until she had uncovered the full width of the bed. She poured some water into the washdish and, going to the corner, she stooped down and splashed the water with her hand out of the dish onto the floor. When she had all the area the bed usually covered well wet down, she checked the condition of the greens on the back of the stove and cast an appraising eye at her dough. In a few minutes it would be ready for the dripper.

At one end of the stove a board about twenty inches long and six inches wide leaned against the wall. With this she patted and pounded the dampened piece of floor until the surface looked as smooth and hard as stone.

She carefully replaced the bed and smoothed and pounded the wet clay where the bed legs had disturbed it. She next cleared the remainder of that end of the room of its chair and a cupboard made from a large wooden dry goods box and sprinkled and pounded the dirt there.

STILL William did not come. A little nagging worry lay on her mind; but it was time to put the bread in the dripper. She cleared the table top, sprinkled it sparingly with flour, cut off a piece of dough from that in the pan, placed it upon the table, and expertly rolled and kneaded it into a loaf. Then she realized she had not warmed nor greased the dripper. She was hungry, but she would not stop to fry a cake now. She preferred to eat with William. She ladled a little soft deer fat from a bottle into the dripper and set the dripper on the stove.

Working close by the stove, she began now to perspire freely again. A little drop escaped her frantically catching hand to land in the hot grease and cause an instant spattering which caught her before she could remove her hand. Several spots began to pain severely.

While the bread baked Martha worried, and dampened and pounded the rest of the floor, with water dripping off her nose continually. It seemed to her the bread should almost bake without being in the oven, but there was a dampness in the air also.

She hated to cut the fresh bread but she did cut off two large slices which she spread with deer fat and with black molasses and wrapped in a cloth. The sky seemed to be low and very black but there was no letup to the heat. Donning her denim bonnet, she carried her cape, pieced from leg backs of William's worn-out trousers, in one hand and the hot bread in the other, and hurried up the street to the tithing office, casting fearful glances at the black sky and worried glances down the road toward the field. Where is William? What can be keeping him? she wondered.

She still had a half block to go

when a sudden jab of lightning zigzagged out of the black clouds just ahead of her and had hardly faded before the thunder hit her ears. Nor had the echoes quit ringing before the rain began to pelt down furiously. Martha lifted her skirts and ran. William knew she was terribly afraid of lightning, surely he would soon come now, if he was all right.

The tithing office door swung open for her, and she ran into the room. It was dark there and when her eyes had adjusted themselves, she looked to see who had opened the door. William stood behind the door grinning at her. She was suddenly happy. William was all right.

"But why are you here? Why didn't you come to dinner?" she demanded.

"I knew your patient would like some meat, so I brought him some prairie dogs I had drowned out. I also knew you wouldn't like to cook them. Your patient and I roasted them over a fire here. He is much better today and was glad to be able to get outside."

"But he shouldn't walk yet." She turned to the brave, lying on sheepskins in one corner. "You shouldn't walk. Too quick, make bad, heap hurt."

"No hurt, me good, me walk, soon go."

Martha handed him the bread. The Indian took it and ate it slowly, watching Martha much as a dog watches a boy tossing it pieces of meat. Then, seeing there was no more bread, he took a curiously designed feathered headdress off a wall peg and handed it to Martha.

"Squaw bring, white squaw you keep, no Indian hurt squaw. You papoose Great Spirit. You keep, no Indian hurt."

The rain had stopped and it was cooler, and as Martha walked homeward beside William she was thankful he was safe and that her patient would soon be well enough to go back to his people.

"Martha," said William, "you have made a lifelong friend. Our bullets knocked him down; you have brought him back to health. That Indian alive will be the strongest message we could possibly send to his people. I don't think we will have any more Indian trouble. Did you understand what he meant by 'You Great Spirit Papoose?' He thinks you are a daughter of the Great Spirit, or God. And you truly are."

Wind

Helen Gee Woods

Wind—
And the roaring of wind
Over the green valley;
The corn and the wheat ripple in wind.
There is an ocean of wind-tossed spray
Deep down from the mountaintop,
Blowing silver over and over
The bounteous green crop,
Sighing through, waving through,
And back again to the peak.
The day is over;
I am the wind's child!
I fall asleep.

Joanna

Margery S. Stewart

CHAPTER 9

Synopsis: Joanna, widowed when her children were small, courageously works into a profitable business selling Boston-baked beans and bakery goods. Her neighbor, Abigail Smith, as a partner, gives much hard work and good advice. Joanna, placing the welfare of her children first, buys a comfortable home from Kent Taylor, a writer, acting temporarily as a real estate agent. In order to attend a P.T.A. meeting, Joanna breaks a date with Kent before he leaves town. Joanna and Abigail open a number of new shops and Joanna finds her life enriched with many new friends and the abiding love of her children. Kent Taylor returns from an assignment in Europe and asks Joanna to marry him.

ABIGAIL brought in the Monday breakfast of scrambled eggs and Sunday's leftover rolls, toasted. She eyed Joanna's unfinished orange juice, and guiltily Joanna drank it.

"You need it, all the gallivantin' you're doing. Wreck your health. That's what you'll do. Won't be able to travel come Wednesday, be planesick."

Joanna flushed. "I'm engaged, Abigail. An engaged woman doesn't just sit in a corner and sew."

Abigail nodded and passed salt and pepper to Joanna. "He certainly ain't one to do his courtin' in the front parlor. Doesn't he believe in homes?"

Joanna ate her toast without butter. "He likes to go places, and he knows so many people. There's only another two days until our wedding, then we'll be out from underfoot and you can run the house the way you want it."

"And after your marriage will you be settlin' down?"

"Why . . . " Joanna paused and stared into space. "I'll settle down, until he gets back, and then I think I'll never know what each day holds, Abigail. They'll be like Christmas packages, a surprise in every one." She lifted her fork and put it down. "That's what it has been like for me, with Kent here. Christmas. Every day there have been silver and ribbons and holly and parties . . . by the way, we're having an extra, super party tomorrow night, Kent's sister is giving it. You're invited. I think I'll get a new dress for it, a white dinner dress and high-heeled, gold slippers."

Abigail snapped her fingers. "I knew there was something I had plumb forgot. Penny. She wants a new dress."

Joanna lifted her brows. "I just bought her a wardrobe."

Abigail looked pained. "If you would stop going through us as though we were smoke, you would find out something about your family . . . something like Penny is in love."

"Penny? She's a baby!"

Abigail said patiently, "Sixteen is no baby. The child drifts around like a zombie. *Tom. Tom.* That's all I hear. She wants a black satin creation she saw downtown."

"Black satin? At sixteen?"

Abigail patted her beautiful hair. "She's afraid she's not grown up enough. Thinks she needs some fixin' up for this Tom person."

JOANNA rose and gathered up her dishes. "Bless the child. I know what I'll do. I'll call the school and tell them I want her to meet me downtown on important business. We'll go shopping, Penny and I, for something really swishy and appropriate."

It seemed to Joanna that everything that happened these days assumed a special importance. It meant a new tale to tell Kent, for his deep interest and his laughter. She told him about the shopping expedition.

"You should have been there, darling. It was funny. Penny, so grown-up and patient and tactful, trying to steer me into buying her an impossibly glamorous dress, and myself, being very young-point-of view and patient and tactful trying to steer her into buying something young and becoming."

"Who won?" He reached for her hand.

Joanna chuckled ruefully. "A tie, I would say. She did get a simple dress, black velveteen with white collar and cuffs . . . and her first lipstick."

Kent roared with laughter at Joanna's dismay. "But she's way behind most girls in the matter of lipstick."

"This is the first time she's wanted to be grown-up. Oh, Kent. It's hard to let them go."

He turned out to avoid a truck. "That's what I'm here for. When your children have repaid you by going away . . . I'll still be around. We two. Not lonely . . . not lonely, ever."

She caught her breath and turned to him. "Let me look at you. Sometimes I can't believe that we are going to be married. That I'm not going to walk all alone into the years ahead. Oh, Kent! I love you so."

"Not as much as I love you. You're all I have. You're . . . my world." He drew up before her house. "I'll call for you tomorrow, around eight. My sister has taken the town apart for food and flowers. . . . It's going to be nice."

"I can hardly wait." She lifted her face for his kiss. "Tomorrow night, Kent."

* * * *

JOANNA knocked for the third time on the bathroom door. "Penny, do hurry. I'm supposed to be ready by eight."

Penny's high, clear voice, "But Mother, I have to be ready by eight, too, and I can't get my hair right."

"Fix it in your room."

A deep sigh of resignation. "Oh, all right, Mother." The bathroom door opened and Penny came out. Joanna caught her breath. The lipstick had done something for Penny, taken her out of childhood, into the mysterious land where young girls live. The bright color brought out the beauty of the clear, childish skin, the brown eyes, the dark cloud of her hair swinging silkily on her shoulders.

Joanna felt a sudden shyness before this lovely stranger. She wished, fleetingly, that she could run back to the past and find again the little girl Penny. Sally, with her curly blonde hair and her big blue eyes, would be pretty, but she would never own her sister's sweet, dark loveliness. Penny gave Joanna a

(*Continued on page 624*)

annual report—1948

THIS annual report mirrors the accomplishments of Relief Society in advancing its program of education and welfare in the stakes and missions during 1948, its 106th year. It is a record of achievement reflecting the teamwork of women from all walks of life and in all parts of the world, banded together in one great cause. The activities of 172 stakes (all the organized stakes of the Church as of December 31) and 37 missions are reflected in the report. The reports were especially well prepared; 25 stake reports and four mission reports were perfect, while 125 stake and 22 mission reports required only a few minor corrections, and the narrative sections were both interesting and informative. For the first time since the war, reports were received from all foreign missions that had been deeply affected by war, and we are pleased to note the strengthening and expansion of these sister societies.

An increase of 3,843 members in 1948 brought the total membership to 115,686, exceeding by 671 the membership of 1941, previous high mark, attained through an intensive membership campaign in anticipation of the 1942 Relief Society centennial. Some members did not continue their activity after the centennial year and war conditions were responsible for a further decline until the end of 1945. The recovery shown in the 1948 report, therefore, represents a steady and wholesome growth since the close of World War II.

A Church-wide average of 37,644 members (32.53%) attended the regular weekly meetings and benefited from the educational program. Theology and testimony meetings continued to attract the largest attendance, with literature holding second place, social science third, and work meeting fourth, although the most notable increases occurred in work meeting with an increase of 2,295 (6.76%) over 1947, and social science with an increase of 1,946 (5.66%).

The most outstanding achievement of 1948 was the gathering of the fund for the erection of a Relief Society Building in Salt Lake City. Women from all over the world, many of whom will never see the building, gave generously of their time, talent, and funds to reach the goal of $500,000, which was oversubscribed.

Compassionate service continues to increase, indicating that the society is ever widening its friendly and sympathetic attention to the alleviation of human suffering. The extent of these services is revealed by the following figures: 1,592,434 monthly visits made by 37,528 visiting teachers in 21,752 visiting teacher districts, in which inspirational and comforting messages were delivered; 5,910 initial family visits and 9,349 follow-up visits made by ward presidents to needy families; 163,408 visits to the sick and homebound and 19,636 days care of the sick. Beyond the facts and figures cited here is something bigger—a testament of faith that the world sorely needs—a great, practical demonstration of brotherly love.

The general board is deeply grateful to all who have contributed to the advancement of Relief Society during the past year, to officers and members alike, for their tireless and devoted service to the betterment and enrichment of human life.

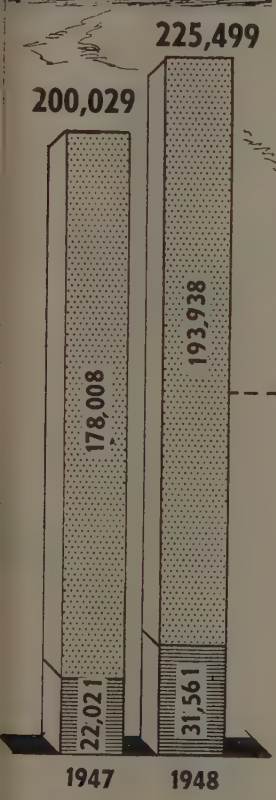
Margaret C. Pickering
General Secretary-Treasurer

Illustrated by Dorothy Platt Handley.

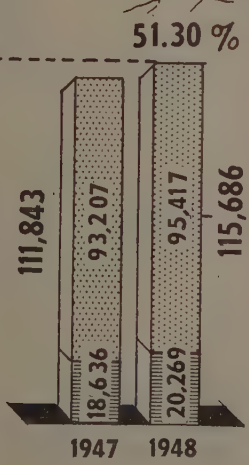
membership

ANNUAL REPORT 1948

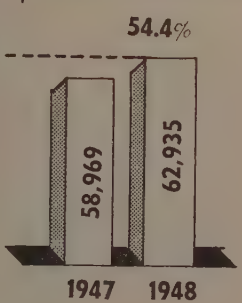
3,843 NEW MEMBERS. . . . While this is a noteworthy increase over 1947, it is not proportionate to the increase in the number of L.D.S. families, which was 25,470. Increased membership in the missions is 8.76%, in the stakes 2.37%. The total membership represents 51.30% of our goal, which is one member in every L.D.S. family.



TOTAL L.D.S. FAMILIES



TOTAL R.S. MEMBERSHIP

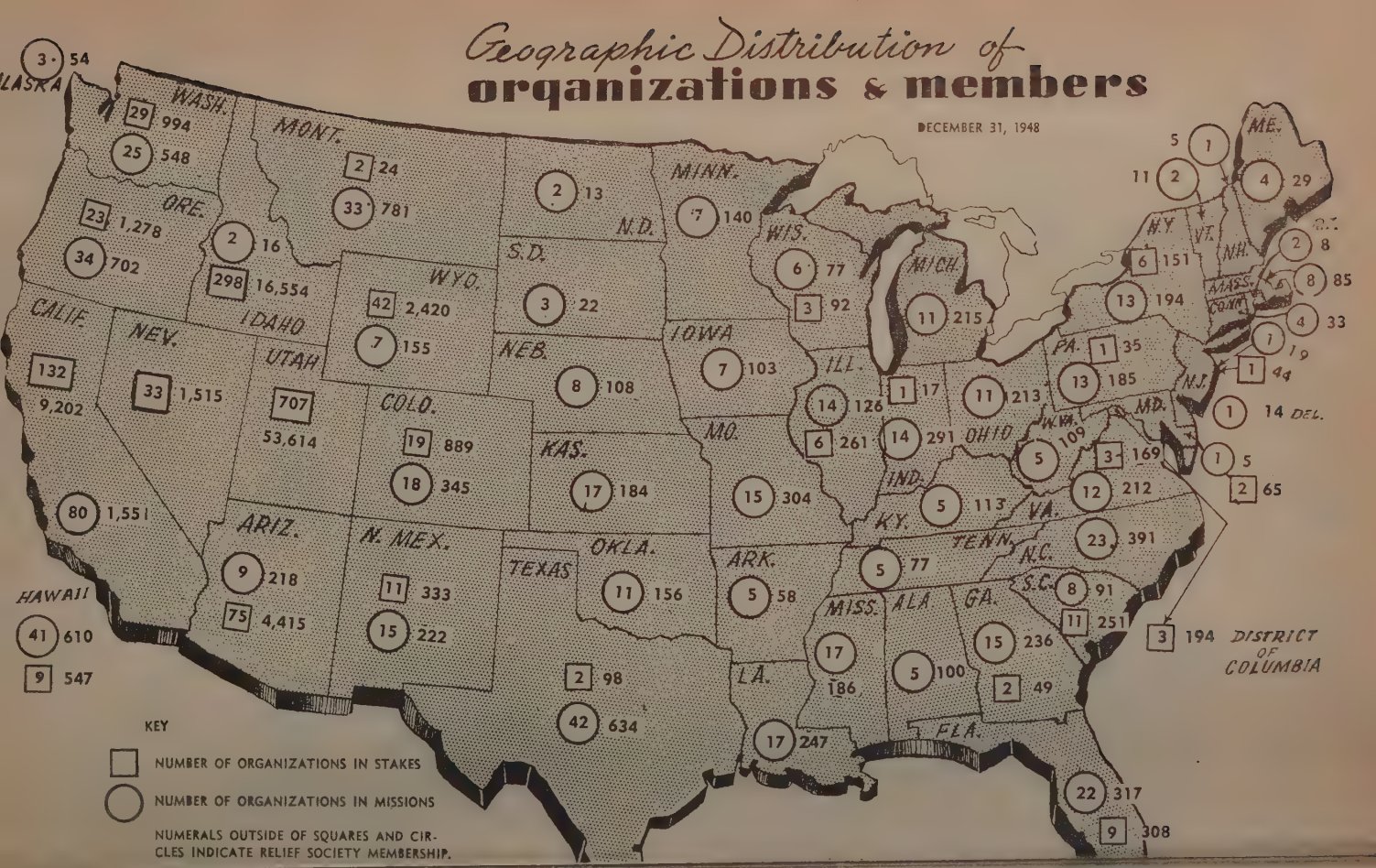


R.S. MEMBERS IN LEADERSHIP

22 GENERAL OFFICERS
1,939 STAKE OFFICERS
365 MISSION OFFICERS
9,827 LOCAL EXECUTIVE OFFICERS
4,764 OTHER OFFICERS
8,490 CLASS LEADERS
37,528 VISITING TEACHERS

IN STAKES

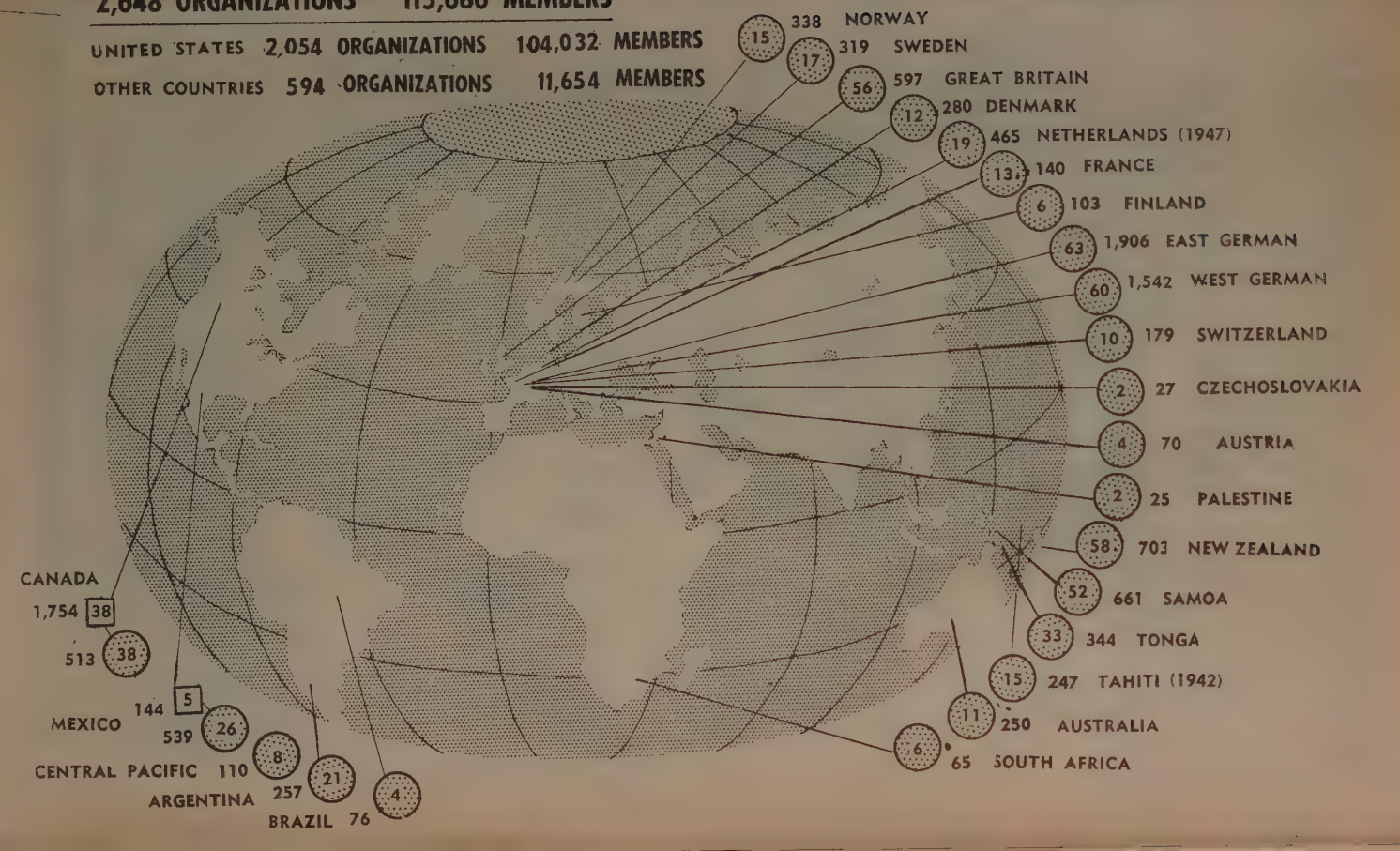
IN MISSIONS


Geographic Distribution of
organizations & members
DECEMBER 31, 1948
3 54
ALASKA
WASH.
29 994
25 548
ORE.
23 1,278
34 702
MONT.
2 24
33 781
IDAHO
2 16
298 16,554
WYO.
42 2,420
7 155
N.D.
2 13
S.D.
3 22
NEB.
8 108
COLO.
19 889
18 345
UTAH
707
53,614
NEV.
33 1,515
CALIF.
132
9,202
80 1,551
HAWAII
41 610
9 547
ARIZ.
9 218
75 4,415
N. MEX.
11 333
15 222
KAS.
17 184
OKLA.
11 156
TEXAS
2 98
42 634
MINN.
7 140
IOWA
7 103
MO.
15 304
ARK.
5 58
LA.
17 247
WIS.
6 77
3 92
MICH.
11 215
ILL.
14 126
1 17
6 261
14 291
IND.
5 113
KY.
5 77
TENN.
17 186
MISS.
5 100
ALA.
GA.
15 236
2 49
FLA.
17 247
OHIO
11 213
W.VA.
109
5
3 169
VA.
12 212
N.C.
23 391
S.C.
8 91
11 251
3 194 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
PA.
1 35
13 185
N.Y.
6 151
13 194
VT.
5
1
11
2
ME.
4 29
N.H.
2 8
MASS.
8 85
CONN.
4 33
R.I.
1 19
N.J.
1 44
MD.
1 14 DEL.
1 5
2 65
22 317
9 308
KEY
NUMBER OF ORGANIZATIONS IN STAKES
NUMBER OF ORGANIZATIONS IN MISSIONS
NUMERALS OUTSIDE OF SQUARES AND CIRCLES INDICATE RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP.

2,648 ORGANIZATIONS 115,686 MEMBERS

UNITED STATES 2,054 ORGANIZATIONS 104,032 MEMBERS

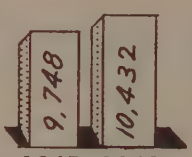
OTHER COUNTRIES 594 ORGANIZATIONS 11,654 MEMBERS



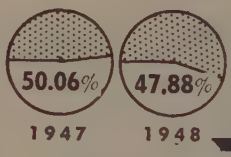
meetings & attendance

ANNUAL REPORT 1948

11,655 VISITING TEACHERS MEETINGS



MEETINGS IN STAKES



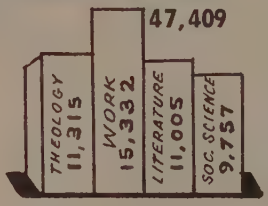
AVERAGE ATTENDANCE OF V. T.

MEETINGS IN MISSIONS

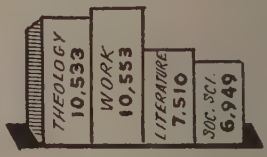
Note the V. T. meetings increased 1,136, but the average attendance decreased 2.18%.

82,954 REGULAR MEETINGS

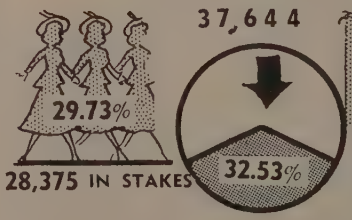
MEETINGS IN STAKES — 47,409



MEETINGS IN MISSIONS — 34,545



TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE — 37,644

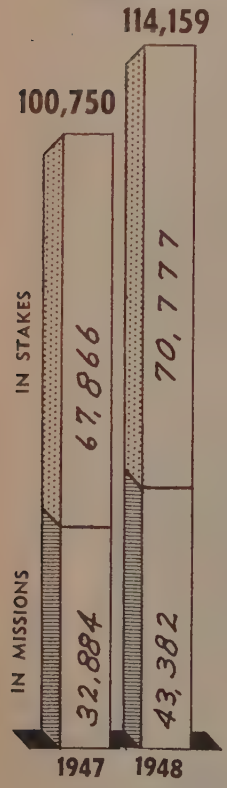


28,375 IN STAKES — 9,269 IN MISSIONS

19,550 ALL OTHER MEETINGS

12,936 IN STAKES

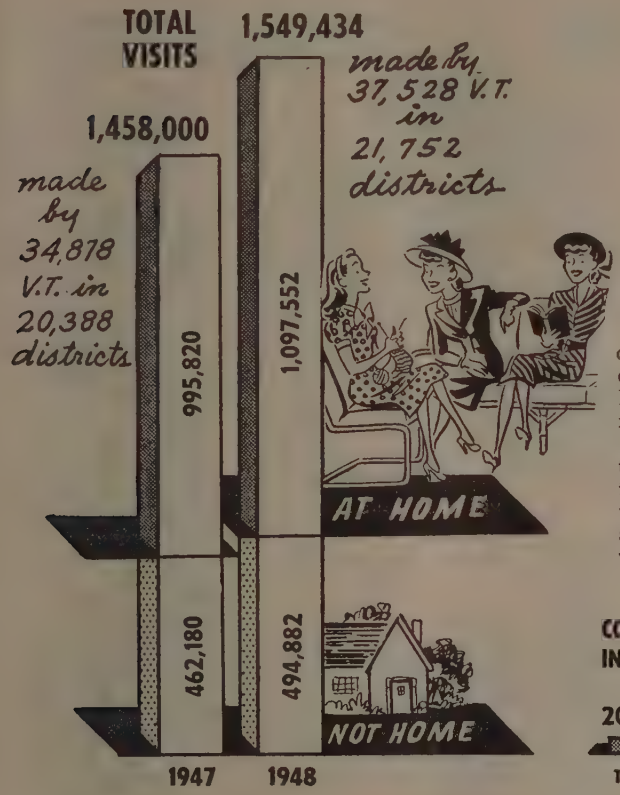
6,614 IN MISSIONS



TOTAL MEETINGS HELD

Visiting Teaching Service

ANNUAL REPORT 1948



Although the society discourages communications in lieu of visits, the increase of 3,099 over 1947 is attributed, in part, to the severity of the winter in many areas, which made visits impossible.

EACH L.D.S. HOME SHOULD BE VISITED BY R. S. ONCE A MONTH OR 12 TIMES A YEAR.

IN 1948 EACH L.D.S. FAMILY WAS VISITED AN AVERAGE OF *7.06 times*

which is a slight decrease from 1947 of .22%

Educational Service

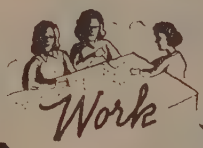
ANNUAL REPORT 1948

TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

IN STAKES 1947 1948 — IN MISSIONS 1947 1948

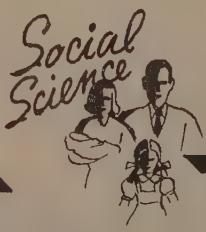
Theology

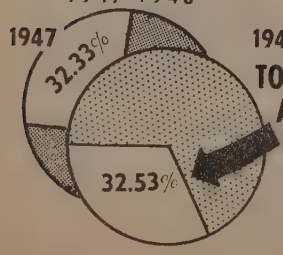
Work



Literature

Social Science





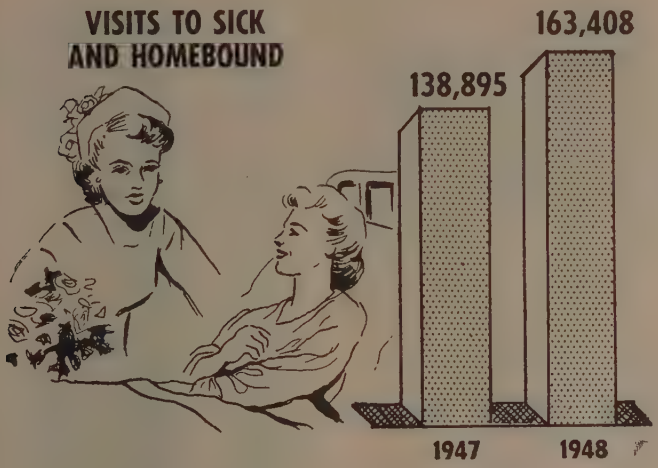
1948

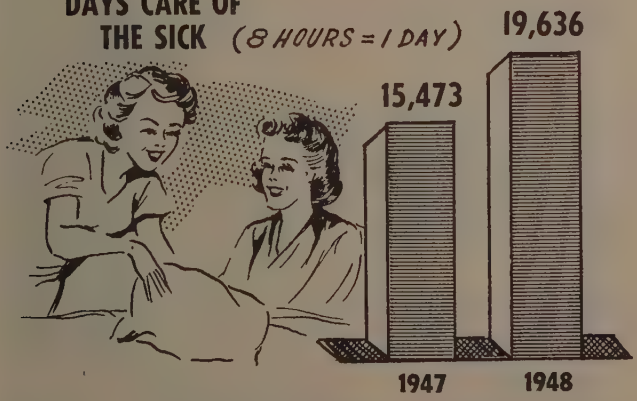
TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE 37,644

Total average attendance showed a decrease of .28%. In the stakes, it decreased at all except the work meeting, which increased .10%. The missions showed gratifying increases at all regular meetings.

Compassionate Service

ANNUAL REPORT 1948





An increase over 1947 of 24,513 visits to the sick and homebound and 4,163 days care of the sick, is praiseworthy evidence that Relief Society members are heeding the admonition to "cherish one another."

NUMBER OF FUNERALS AT WHICH R. S. ASSISTED	5,513
DRESSING ONLY FOR BURIAL	355
COMPLETE PREPARATION FOR BURIAL	517

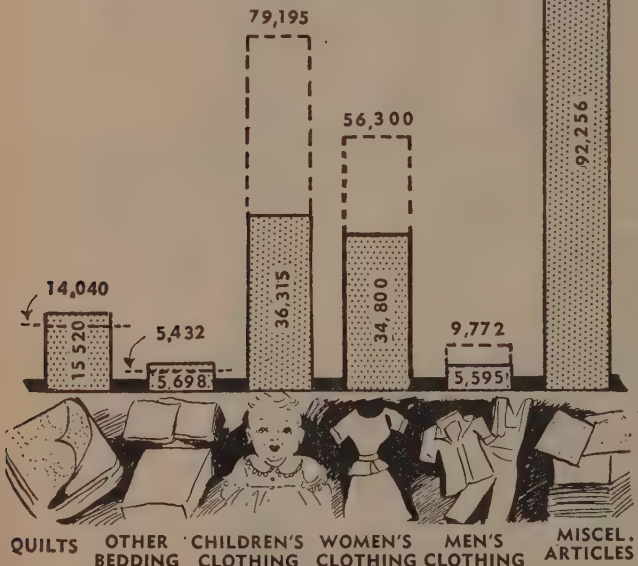
Sewing Service

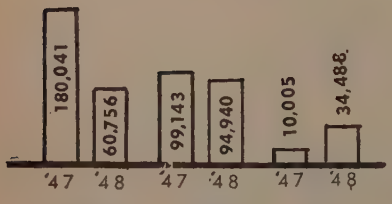
ANNUAL REPORT 1948

ARTICLES COMPLETED

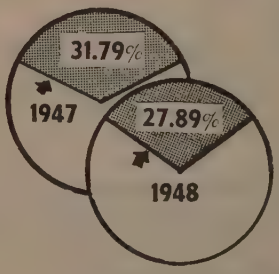
1947 ----- 1948 ▒▒▒

The welfare sewing budget for 1948 was 60% less than for 1947 and accounts for the main decrease in the total articles completed. The increase in hours is attributed to the increase in the types of articles requiring more time to complete.





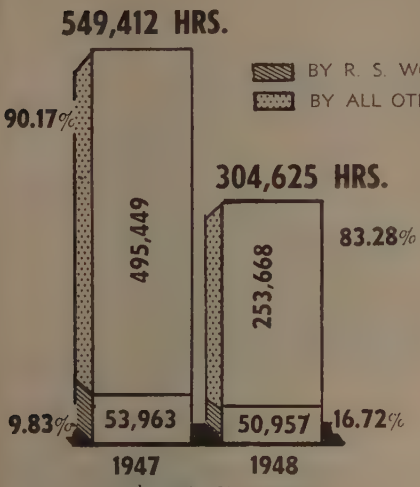
ARTICLES COMPLETED



% OF R.S. MEMBERS PARTICIPATING

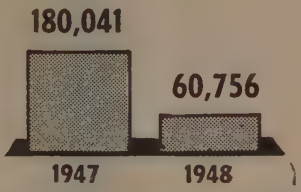
Church Welfare Service

ANNUAL REPORT 1948



TOTAL HRS. OF SERVICE BY R.S. WOMEN FOR CHURCH WELFARE
(NOT AT R.S. MEETINGS)

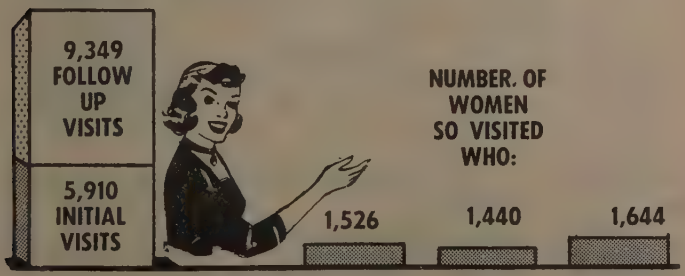
The decrease in hours of service given to Church Welfare and in articles completed is due to reduced service requirements and a lower sewing budget assignment.



TOTAL ARTICLES COMPLETED FOR CHURCH WELFARE AT R.S. MEETINGS

FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE

THIS SERVICE, GIVEN UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BISHOPS, INCLUDES FAMILY INITIAL AND FOLLOW UP VISITS BY WARD R. S. PRESIDENTS AND IS IN addition TO OTHER TYPES OF SERVICE RENDERED BY R. S. TO THE WELFARE PROGRAM.



VISITS TO FAMILIES

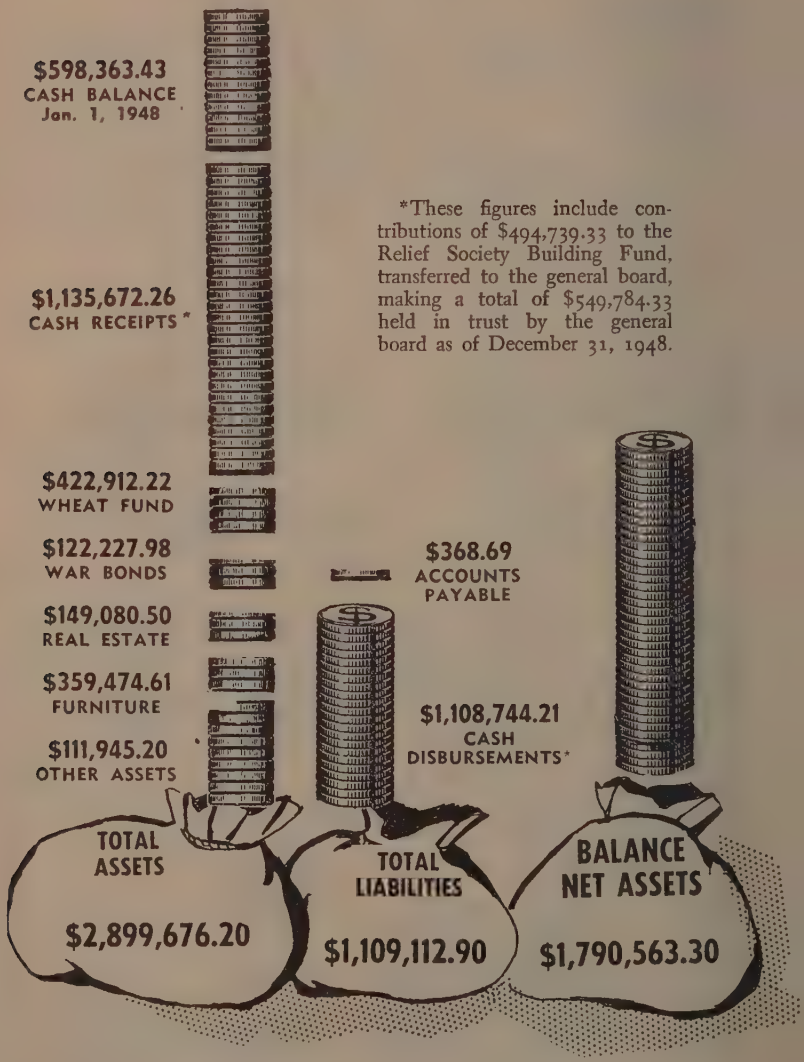
WORKED ON CHURCH WELFARE PROJECTS EXCLUSIVE OF WORK MEETING SEWING

SEWED AT WORK MEETINGS

SEWED FOR THEMSELVES AND FAMILY

financial report

ANNUAL REPORT 1948



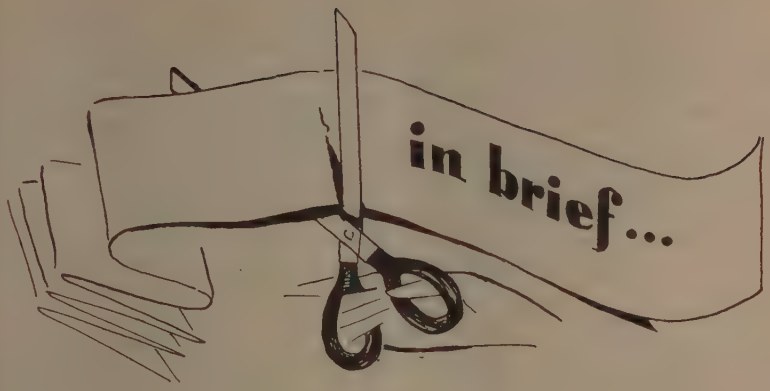
*These figures include contributions of $494,739.33 to the Relief Society Building Fund, transferred to the general board, making a total of $549,784.33 held in trust by the general board as of December 31, 1948.

Comparative Financial and Statistical Data 1947–1948

		1948	1947	Changes 1947 to 1948	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
ORGANIZATIONS	**STAKES AND MISSIONS, TOTAL**	**212**	**207**	**+5**	**+2.41**
	Organizations				
	Stakes	172	168	+4	+2.38
	Missions	40	39	+1	+2.56
	Local	**2,648**	**2,524**	**+124**	**+4.91**
	Wards in Stakes	1,473	1,420	+53	+3.73
	Branches in Missions	1,175	1,104	+71	+6.43
MEMBERS	**Membership, Total**	**115,686**	**111,843**	**+3,843**	**+3.43**
	General Officers and Board Members	22	20	+2	+10.00
	Stake Officers and Board Members	1,939	1,872	+67	+3.57
	Mission Presidents and Other Officers	365	310	+55	+17.74
	Ward and Branch Executive Officers	9,827	9,907	−80	−.80
	Other Officers	4,764	4,208	+556	+13.21
	Class Leaders	8,490	7,774	+716	+9.21
	Visiting Teachers	37,528	34,878	+2,650	+7.59
	All Other Members	52,751	52,874	−123	−.23
L. D. S. FAMILIES	**L. D. S. Families, Total**	**225,499**	**200,029**	**+25,470**	**+12.73**
	In Stakes	193,938	178,008	+15,930	+8.94
	In Missions	31,561	22,021	+9,540	+43.32
MEETINGS AND ATTENDANCE	**MEETINGS HELD, TOTAL**	**117,902**	**104,545**	**+13,357**	**+12.77**
	In Wards and Branches	**114,159**	**100,750**	**+13,409**	**+13.30**
	Regular Ward Meetings for Members	82,954	74,108	+8,846	+11.93
	March Sunday Night Meetings	5,613	4,231	+1,382	+32.66
	Visiting Teacher Meetings	11,655	10,519	+1,136	+10.79
	Ward Preparation Meetings	10,255	8,312	+1,943	+23.37
	Ward Conferences	2,382	2,095	+287	+13.69
	Ward Conference Preliminary Meetings	1,300	1,485	−185	−12.45
	In Stakes and Missions	**3,713**	**3,763**	**−50**	**−1.32**
	Stake and Mission Dist. Board Meetings	2,170	1,940	+230	+11.85
	Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Mtgs.	1,543	1,456	+87	+5.97
	Meetings in Lieu of Union Meetings		367		
	General Board Meetings Held	**30**	**32**	**−2**	**−6.25**
	VISITS TO WARDS BY STAKE OFFICERS	**13,750**	**12,999**	**+751**	**+5.77**
	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS				
	For Members	**37,644**	**36,166**	**+1,478**	**+4.08**
	In Stakes	28,375	28,423	−48	−.16
	In Missions	9,269	7,743	+1,526	+19.70
	PER CENT OF MEMBERS REPRESENTED BY AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS	**32.53**	**32.33**	**+.20**	
	In Stakes	29.73	30.49	−.76	
	In Missions	45.72	41.54	+4.18	
ACTIVITIES	**VISITING TEACHING**				
	Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	21,752	20,388	+1,364	+6.69
	Family Visits, Total	1,592,434	1,458,000	+134,434	+9.22
	Home	1,097,552	995,820	+101,732	+10.21
	Not Home	494,882	462,180	+32,702	+7.07
	Per Cent Home	68.92	68.30		
	No. Communications in Lieu of Visits	23,949	20,850	+3,099	+14.86

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA (Continued)

		1948	1947	Changes 1947 to 1948	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
ACTIVITIES (Continued)	**EDUCATIONAL SERVICE**				
	Average Attendance at Relief Society				
	Theology	40,512	39,895	+617	+1.54
	Work (Sewing)	36,241	33,946	+2,295	+6.76
	Literature	36,779	36,474	+305	+.83
	Social Science	36,294	34,348	+1,946	+5.66
	SEWING SERVICE AT MEETINGS				
	Av. No. of Women Sewing Monthly	**32,271**	**35,559**	**—3,288**	**—9.24**
	Number of Hours Given in Sewing	**1,154,218**	**952,222**	**+201,996**	**+21.21**
	Articles Completed	**190,184**	**289,189**	**—99,005**	**—34.23**
	For Relief Society	94,940	99,143	—4,203	—4.23
	For Church Welfare	60,756	180,041	—119,285	—66.25
	For All Others	34,488	10,005	+24,483	+244.70
	Kind of Articles				
	Quilts	15,520	14,040	+1,480	+10.54
	Other Bedding	5,698	5,432	+266	+4.89
	Children's Clothing	36,315	79,195	—42,880	—54.14
	Women's Clothing	34,800	56,300	—21,500	—38.18
	Men's Clothing	5,595	9,772	—4,177	—42.74
	Other (Miscellaneous)	92,256	124,450	—32,194	—25.86
	COMPASSIONATE SERVICES				
	Visits to Sick and Homebound	163,408	138,895	+24,513	+17.64
	Number of Days Care of Sick	19,636	15,473	+4,163	+26.90
	Bodies Prepared for Burial	872	615	+257	+41.78
	Complete Preparation	517	109	+408	+374.31
	Dressing Only	355	506	—151	—29.84
	No. Funerals at Which R. S. Assisted	5,513	4,754	+759	+15.96
	CHURCH WELFARE SERVICES (In Addition to 60,756 Articles Completed at Relief Society Work Meetings)				
	Hours Church Welfare Projects	304,625	549,412	—244,787	—44.55
	By Women Receiving Aid	50,957	53,963	—3,006	—5.57
	By All Other Relief Society Women	253,668	495,449	—241,781	—48.80
	FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE				
	Number of Initial Family Visits Under Direction of Bishop	5,910			
	Number of Subsequent or Follow-Up Visits	9,349	(Report inaugurated 1948 hence no comparative figures)		
	Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	1,526			
	Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	1,440			
	Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	1,644			
FINANCES	**Cash Receipts**	**$1,135,672.26**	**$ 699,494.92**	**+$436,177.34**	**+62.35**
	Cash Disbursements	**$1,108,744.21**	**$ 676,458.29**	**+$432,285.92**	**+63.90**
	Net Assets	**$1,790,563.30**	**$1,681,683.02**	**+$108,880.28**	**+6.47**
MAGAZINE	**Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions**	**77,740½**	**80,978**	**—3,237½**	**—3.99**



2,648	ORGANIZATIONS
115,686	MEMBERS
114,159	MEETINGS HELD
37,644	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR RELIEF SOCIETY MEETINGS
1,549,434	VISITS TO L. D. S. FAMILIES
37,528	VISITING TEACHERS
163,408	VISITS TO SICK AND HOMEBOUND
19,636	DAYS CARE OF THE SICK
190,184	TOTAL ARTICLES COMPLETED IN SEWING SERVICE
60,756	SEWING ARTICLES COMPLETED FOR CHURCH WELFARE, and 304,625 HOURS ON OTHER CHURCH WELFARE PROJECTS
15,259	FAMILY WELFARE VISITS

Joanna

(*Continued from page 609*)

brief hug in passing. "Oh, Mother, isn't life simply magical?"

"I must see this paragon you're dating," Joanna said.

She rushed in and out of the tub and dressed swiftly. The white dress was the most becoming thing she had ever owned. She put on the gold slippers and went downstairs.

Penny whistled. "You look out of this world, Mother." She was sitting on the hassock, her slim hands clenching and unclenching on the velveteen skirt.

Joanna bit her lip. How well she remembered the pangs that went with a first date, the clammy feeling of inferiority. "Rest assured, Penny, you'll look as swish as any of them. Where is the party to be held?"

"I don't know. It's just . . . a party, I guess. Mother, are you sure I don't look babyish in this collar?"

A car stopped. Penny sprang to the window, her face flushing. "It's Tom! Quick, Mother. How do I look? Is my hair right?" She did not wait for an answer but ran to the mirror above the little table in the hall. She opened the door on his ring.

Joanna sat very straight, trying to beat down the chuckles. I must look very friendly, she thought. The poor lad is probably in stitches of fright, too.

Penny brought the boy in, her eyes dwelt on him, soft with adoration. "Mother, this is Tom . . . Tom Nichols."

"Oh!" Joanna felt as if she would be sick. She stared at the boy, his dark, curly hair, his clear, thickly lashed eyes, his clean young mouth. Incredible that this should be the drunken boy who had lurched into her at the "Green Lady." The "Green Lady!" She had a swift vision of dancing girls . . . Penny's age, and the smoke and the raucous laughter. But surely this was different.

She wet her lips. "Where do you plan to spend the night hours?" Flippant, not the frightened mother speaking.

The boy shrugged a gray tweed shoulder. "Here and there. The crowd has things planned."

"I'll run upstairs and get my coat," Penny said. She had spent hours wondering if she should have it ready in the living room, or if it would look as if she didn't really care whether she went or not, if she left it upstairs.

FOR a wild moment Joanna thought of fainting . . . of putting her hand to her heart and complaining of a sudden devastating pain. She said dully, "Wait a minute, Penny. I don't believe you'll need your coat."

"Mother!" Penny came close, her eyes large with anxiety.

Tom stirred impatiently. "The gang is waiting for us, Penny."

Joanna said dully, "They will have to wait. Penny cannot go."

"Oh, Mother!" The young agony was like a knife hurled into her heart.

Joanna turned to Tom. "You

see, I was with Kent Taylor, at the "Green Lady." You were . . . well, intoxicated. I . . . I . . . can't let Penny go to such places. She means too much to me."

She saw Penny's white, imploring face lifted to Tom's. They were against her, youth, laughter, the sweet, hot call of adventure allied against her age and experience and her love.

Tom shuffled uneasily, "Aw, gosh, Mrs. Niels. We were just having fun. We didn't mean anything. I promise not to touch anything tonight. What will the bunch say if I turn up without my date?"

"What will they say about me?" The cry was torn from Penny's heart.

Joanna ran her fingers through her hair. What to do? If she sent Tom away, it would take years before Penny would trust her again. She might not bring her friends home, she might tell them to meet her elsewhere. It was obvious Penny was in love with the boy. First love, but real enough.

Joanna lifted her face.

Tom said, "Gee! I wouldn't let anything happen to Penny."

"I can't let anything happen to her," Joanna said and smiled. Suddenly she looked at them. "Listen, would the gang mind changing places to go? I mean, how would they like to come here. We've a brand new batch of records, we can roll up the rugs, and I'll make you all a lunch you'll never forget. What about it?"

They looked at each other, Tom and Penny. Joanna read their faces. They knew she would not let Penny go. To go without her meant loss of face to Tom. The only solution was to make the best of a bad bargain.

"We'll stay. We'll make the gang think we thought the idea up ourselves."

Joanna was weak with relief. "Good for you! And by the time you get finished with one of our parties, you'll not be able to wait for the next one."

"Okay! I'll run and get the others." He grinned at Penny and patted her arm. "It's all right," he said.

The doorbell rang. Joanna turned to it. Kent. Kent! She went to the door and opened it.

His eyes deepened when he saw her. "Beautiful," he said. "Are you ready, darling?"

"Kent . . . I can't go." She drew him with her into the kitchen and explained.

He waited patiently until she had finished, but she saw his eyes growing colder and the sharp lines that came when he was angry springing up on his forehead.

"Can't you come with me, and let the youngsters have their own party?"

"No. No, Kent. I have to stay here . . . see that it is a success. A terrific success. So they will want to meet here, again and again. It has to be more fun than the 'Green Lady,' or any of those places."

HE slapped his hat against his side. "Second place. I'll always take second place to the children. I'll be glad when we are back East, so I can have you to myself for awhile."

Joanna straightened her shoulders.

She felt bowed to the earth under the weight of this burden, and though Kent stood before her, she was already lonely, the chill of it on her heart. "I'm not going back East with you, Kent. I can't leave Penny now."

He dropped his hat and put his hands on her shoulders. He shook her. "Not going with me? What stupid thing is this? Of course you're going with me? I need you."

"Penny needs me."

"You promised you would come." He dropped his hands. "Joanna, you can't give your life to your children. Your *whole* life. You have a right to happiness."

Joanna said heavily, "Only if it doesn't interfere with their lives. Oh, Kent, believe me, this is hard to say, but you don't really need me, not as Penny does. There wouldn't be a moment of peace for me. This is my job."

He said savagely, "Your job! What pay will it give you? They'll leave you, Joanna. Every one of them will leave you. Penny is going now. She's running away into her own life. You can't stop her."

"No," Joanna said. "I wouldn't want to stop her. But I must help her into the kind of life that will be rich and rewarding. Oh, I've heard about interfering mothers. I've read that we have no right to interfere in our children's lives, but I don't believe it. Should I spend sixteen years perfecting a thing of beauty and then close my eyes while the world takes over? Did I leave her alone when she learned to walk, or did I help? She's in love, Kent. To go away and leave her alone now would be like giving her a stick of dynamite to play with, hoping she wouldn't find matches."

Kent picked up his hat. He said wearily. "I can see that staying would be utterly useless, and talking even more so." He looked about him. "A home. Well, I'll be too busy for a home for a long time to come."

Joanna watched him go, his head held arrogantly and high. Then she turned and went heavily upstairs. She took off the gold slippers and the white jersey gown and found a blue dress and an apron. Penny was waiting alone for the return of Tom and the gang.

Joanna went to her and held her close, feeling Penny stiffen against her. "It's going to be all right, Penny. Believe me. It's going to be all right."

(*To be continued*)

Sonnet 71

William Shakespeare

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compound am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1948, page 274.

ANNIVERSARY PARTIES, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ivie H. Jones

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, DEL RIO (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS A SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR

Left to right: President Carolina Aguirre; First Counselor Gregoria Sandoval; Second Counselor Casta Soraiz; work director Rita Hernandez; Antonia Aguirre; Ester Aguirre.

These six women are very proud of their latest achievement in preparing an unusually successful supper and bazaar. They sold $31 worth of tickets for the supper and made $150 on the bazaar. This was a unique achievement since the branch is exceptionally small and there is no American branch in Del Rio from which the Spanish-American branch might receive co-operation.

Ivie H. Jones is president of the Spanish-American Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vivian R. McConkie

CALIFORNIA MISSION, CHINO VALLEY (ARIZONA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY FIRST PRIZE BOOTH AT YAVAPAI COUNTY FAIR
September 1948

Lucille Bates Bunker and Dorothy Bates Scott supervised the arrangements of the booth, aided by Nello Scott, Leah Langford Sommers, Ita Hunt Turley, and Keith Bunker. The prize was $100, and all of the articles were made by the seventeen sisters in this branch. Note the beautifully designed quilts, crochet work, hand-embroidered pillow cases, and the numerous decorative articles.

Vivian R. McConkie is president of the California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by
Lola M. Shumway

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), RECENTLY APPOINTED STAKE BOARD OFFICERS

Seated, center front, President Lola M. Shumway.

Back row, left to right: Counselor Jennie Engstrom; Secretary-Treasurer Irene Pratt; Counselor Lola Green.

Photograph submitted by Lela M. Bailey

SAN LUIS STAKE (COLORADO), ALAMOSA WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 17, 1949

Standing at the head of the tables, dressed in pioneer costume, President Mary Haynie and her counselors Cleone Berthelson and Clara Nissen, are holding the birthday cake.

This delightful party was enjoyed by a large number of sisters who participated in a special program and luncheon in honor of the 107th birthday of Relief Society.

Lela M. Bailey is president of San Luis Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mae Matis

FINNISH MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN AT CONFERENCE IN LARSMO PRESENT DRAMATIZATION OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Counselor Viola Ronnkvist; President Anna Stromberg, both of Larsmo Branch; Elsa Bloomquist, Secretary, Jacobstad Branch; Vera Nyman, President, Jacobstad Branch.

Mae Matis is president of the Finnish Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lorena W. Anderson

TEMPLE VIEW STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), JEFFERSON WARD HONORS PAST OFFICERS AT ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1949

Left to right: former ward presidents: Lida C. Prince; Althera Farnsworth; present president Zina Mayland; former president Della Curtis (cutting the cake); Karren Anderson, a counselor to the first president of the ward Relief Society. Alice Davis (now deceased); Alice Graves, former ward president; Ida VanCott, secretary to former president Alice Davis; Lorena W. Anderson, President, Temple View Stake Relief Society.

This enjoyable entertainment commemorated twenty-five years of Relief Society activities in Jefferson Ward. A history of these years of growth, composed by Mabel Jones Gabbott, was read by Gwen Jensen. An inspirational address was delivered by Bishop J. Donald Gabbott, representing the Priesthood.

Lorena W. Anderson is president of Temple View Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Rhea F. Smurthwaite

LIBERTY STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), LIBERTY WARD PAGEANT "AMERICA, THE LAND OF PROMISE," March 6, 1949

Front row, at left, directly back of the piano, President Rhea F. Smurthwaite, and at her left Second Counselor Grace Foutz; at the right, seated against the railing, stake

chorister Winnifred Smith, and next to her, First Counselor Theresa Weiss, author of the pageant (in co-operation with Karl Weiss).

The pageant depicted the epic story of the American continent, told through characters representing the attributes of womanhood, such as motherhood, faith, service, love, chastity. The costumes were made in lovely pastel colors which added much to the effectiveness of the pageant. The Singing Mothers rendered music appropriate to the theme, the spirit of liberty.

LaNola C. Driggs is president of Liberty Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Laura B. Bradshaw

GRANITE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS ENTERTAINED AT SPRING LUNCHEON, May 26, 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Emmaretta G. Brown; Myrtle B. Latimer; Agnes M. Bolto; Vauna S. Jacobsen.

Standing, left to right: Beth C. Cannon; Ida M. Dean.

In addition to the stake Relief Society presidents, other guests were the ward class leaders and ward and stake officers, members of Granite Stake presidency and their wives, a member of the high council, and representatives of the stake boards of all the other auxiliaries in the stake. Sister Blanche B. Stoddard of the Relief Society general board also attended the luncheon.

President Ida M. Dean welcomed the guests and introduced the former presidents. A delicious luncheon was served, followed by a program of music, speeches, and readings. The table decorations were particularly attractive and significant for the occasion. Along the table were low white picket fences covered with climbing roses, through which arched gates swung open. At each gate stood a beautifully dressed doll. The favors at each place were small arched gates, decorated with pink flowers. At each gate stood a dainty miniature paper doll.

Carrying out this artistic and thoughtful idea, Sister Dean read a poem which she composed. Parts of the poem are quoted below:

"Dear friends, may we take you in fancy, down a pathway strewn with flowers
Into an enchanted garden, and there spend a few happy hours . . . .

* * * *

So enter the open gateway, and rest beneath cooling bowers,
But over your garden keep vigil, and refresh it with love's gentle showers."

Photograph submitted by Reva F. Wicker

SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), ORCHARD WARD SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR CANTATA "EASTER SUNRISE SONG," April 17, 1949

Grace Porter, director of the chorus, is seen at the left in the dark dress, and at right, in black dress, Edna Lunt, reader; Cherry Brown, the accompanist, at left, in print dress.

Reva F. Wicker is president of South Davis Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zelma S. Muir

BEAVER STAKE (UTAH), OLDEST AND YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF BEAVER WARDS RELIEF SOCIETIES

Seated, left to right: Frances L. Jones; Dorothy Williams.

Standing, left to right: Colleen S Shelby; Betty June P. Oakden; Ida Messinger. Harriett Yardley, third oldest member, had to leave before this photograph was taken. The occasion for honoring these women was the 17th of March Anniversary party.

Phylis S. Warr is president of Beaver Stake Relief Society.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 19—"Continuation of the Perean and Judean Ministry" up to and including "Parable of the Pharisee and Publican"

Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapter 27, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, December 6, 1949

Objective: To continue the unfolding, by his matchless teaching, of the great gospel plan as taught by the Lord Jesus.

In the House of One of the Chief Pharisees

JUDGED by the marvelous lessons he taught, the trip through Perea was one of the most important taken by the Savior. He did not hesitate to show his power, if thereby he might give to the people a much-needed lesson. While he was a guest at the home of a prominent Pharisee, a man afflicted with dropsy was healed by the Lord on the Sabbath day. He asked, "Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day?" (Luke 14:3). No one ventured to answer. The answer was obvious. They had been taught to rescue an animal in trouble. Who would deny the blessing to a human being?

Jesus did not hesitate to instruct in the matter of observing good manners. When guests at a dinner sought high places of honor, he stated an enduring moral law: "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (Luke 14:11). This especially applies to workers in the Church and kingdom of God.

A careful study should be made of the significant Parable of the Great Supper (Luke 14:16-24). It might be well to compare this with the parable relating to the marriage of the king's son (Matt. 22:2-14). Evidently, prior notice had been given in ample time to the chosen guests. It was to be a great event. Note carefully the excuses given by the invited prospective guests. It is so easy to find seemingly plausible excuses when we do not want to do a thing required of us or which we are invited to do. The man who had done the inviting was plainly angry because the guests invited first had not come. He commanded that the poor, the blind, and the maimed should be brought to the feast. This action indicated determination, but at the same time a disposition to do good and extend charity where needed.

The lesson is plain. Israel, or the covenant race, was the specially invited guest. The children of Israel had been invited for a long while. Now they had been invited by the Messenger—Jehovah or the Christ, sent by the Father. They refused

the invitation and now the gospel would be carried to the Gentiles. Jesus declared of those who rejected his invitation, "For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper" (Luke 14:24).

Counting the Cost

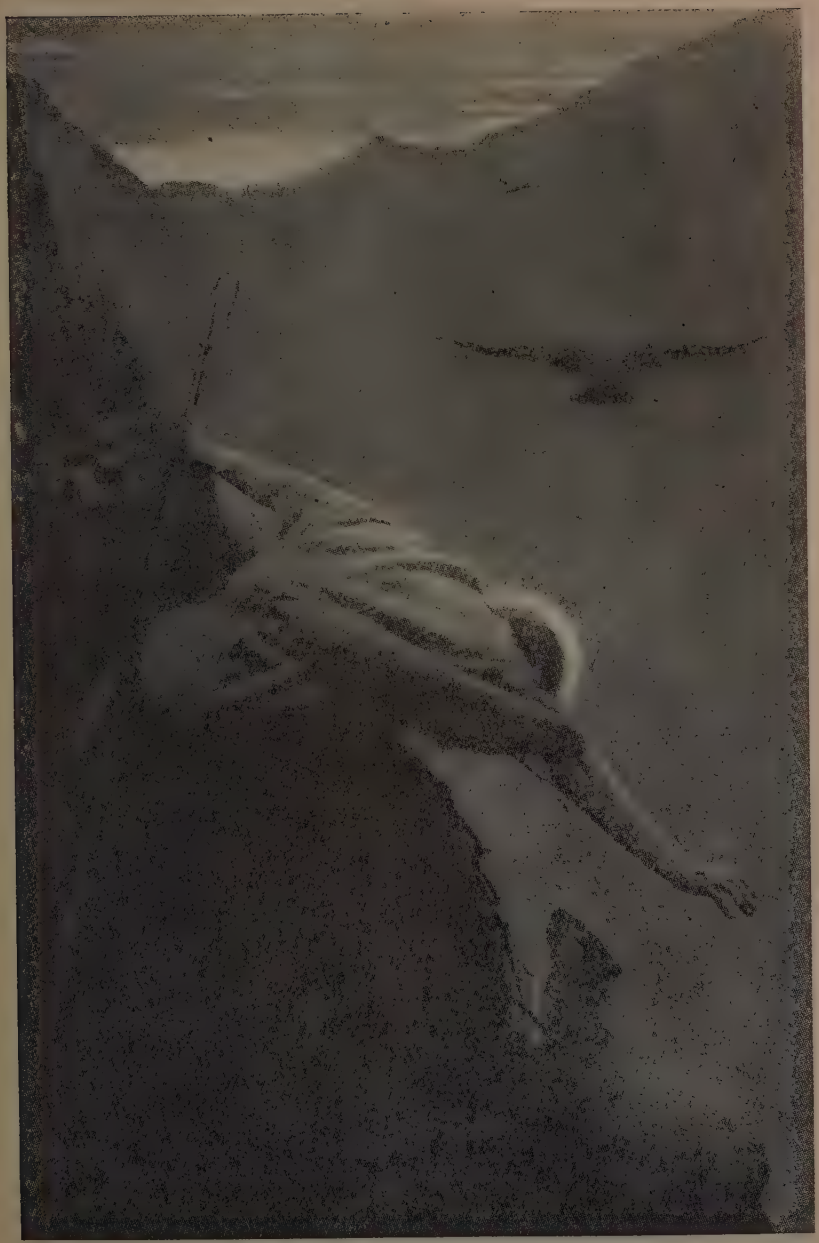
The teaching of a profound lesson is recorded in Luke 14:25-35. During the journey we are considering, multitudes of people were attracted to the Lord wherever he appeared. When a certain scribe offered to become a disciple, Jesus explained the hardships and the self-denial that would follow, and the man's ardor soon cooled. The Master then applied a real test of sincerity. The genuine disciple must give up his wealth, his loved ones, and everything dear in life and follow the Savior. How many can and will do it now? Before one agrees to such an undertaking one should count well the cost.

Salvation for "Publicans and Sinners"—Illustrative Parables

Both Pharisees and Galileans had criticized Jesus because he had extended his ministry to the "publicans and sinners." He responded by giving them the well-known Parable of the Lost Sheep, somewhat modified from its former presentation to meet the needed lesson (Luke 15:2-7). In considering the application of this and the Parable of the Lost Coin, it should be pointed out that Jesus did not defend the evil ways of wicked people. He sought only to teach that we should rejoice when there is genuine repentance on the part of the sinner. Jesus is the Good Shepherd. Of course he rejoices when a lost sheep is found. He rejoices also, however, over the good sheep who remain faithful within the fold.

Let us next consider the Parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15:11-32). It has been so much misunderstood. The action on the part of the younger son in demanding his portion of the father's estate while the father was yet alive was an instance of deliberate and unfilial desertion. He went into a far country and spent his substance in "riotous living." Only when he suffered in abject poverty did he repent. A forgiving father was glad to welcome him back home. The father expressed his gratitude in acts of kindness. The son, counted as dead, was now alive. The older son, mistaking the father's joy on the return of the prodigal son, was angry and refused to enter the house. The father explained to the churlish older son: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." No portion of the older son's patrimony was taken from him. We must not extol the repentance of the prodigal son above the faithfulness on the part of the older son. Surely the sacred joy over the faithful here and hereafter exceeds the joy over the return of a sinful soul, even though the repentance on the latter's part is sincere and genuine.

It was clearly a great lesson for the Pharisees. They must have taken its application unto themselves. They were following the letter of the law, but were unwilling to extend forgiveness to a truly repentant son. The lesson is not only for



Copyright, 1929, by Eugene A. Perry

From a painting by Soord

THE LOST SHEEP

the Pharisees but for all people anytime, everywhere. There is and always will be joy for the lost soul who repents and comes back, but it does not supersede the joy for the souls who remain true and faithful.

The Disciples Instructed by Parable

The Parable of the Unrighteous Steward (Luke 16:1-8) was given primarily to and for the disciples. The steward in the story was the authorized agent of the employer. He was acting within the scope of his authority. Careful men do not fail to make provision for their future years. Some are surprised to learn, while reading the parable, that this man's apparent dishonesty was extolled. This is not the case. "His prudence and foresight were commended."

Derision of the Pharisees Met; Another Illustrative Parable

More than passing attention should be given to the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. Our Lord had given the hypocritical and scoffing Pharisees lessons on the right way of administering wealth. They thought, what does the poor Galilean know of such things? The Pharisees were crafty manipulators and yet were so successful in justifying their deeds before men as to appear honest. The Lord knew their hearts, and their practices were an abomination in his sight. He gave them an additional lesson by an unforgettable parable (Luke 16:19-31). These verses should be read.

The rich man had fared sumptuously while on earth. He had been clothed in "purple and fine linen" while Lazarus, the beggar, "was laid at his gate, full of sores" and ate the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Dogs shared the lot of Lazarus and, when he died, he was probably buried in a pauper's grave. The nameless rich man also died. It is recorded that Lazarus went to Abraham's bosom signifying the paradise of God. The rich man died and went to a place of torment. As a Jew, he had doubtless often boasted that Abraham was his father. Now he was asking only for something to soothe his suffering, which he thought Lazarus, the one-time beggar, might bring. The conversation is enlightening. It was possible for the righteous to converse with the wicked. However, Abraham explained that it was impossible to grant the rich man's request because between the abode of the righteous Lazarus and that of the wicked sufferer "There is a great gulf fixed." Passage between the two abodes was forbidden. Even by parable, Jesus taught truly concerning the conditions in the hereafter.

> That righteous and unrighteous dwell apart during the interval between death and resurrection is clear . . . . The parable teaches the continuation of individual existence after death, and the relation of cause to effect between the life one leads in mortality and the state awaiting him beyond.

Unprofitable Servants

Jesus also taught his disciples by parable when he could thereby impress the lesson more forcibly. The apostles, realizing the whole-souled service required of them, implored the Lord, saying, "Increase our faith." On one occasion the Lord repeated to them instructions previously given: "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say

unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you" (Luke 17:6). Their faith could best be determined by their obedience and service. The Parable of the Unprofitable Servants is given in Luke 17:7-10. It teaches that those who engage in the work of the Lord should give all their time and attention to him and even that would not repay him for all he had done. The apostles were not to complain at their tasks. The best they could do would only be their duty.

Ten Lepers Healed

Following the lesson mentioned in the preceding paragraph, Luke alone records the miracle of the healing of the ten lepers (Luke 17:11-19). He thereby also taught a great lesson on gratitude. Only one of the ten remembered to turn back and thank the Lord for his great blessing. That one was a Samaritan. Truly Jesus was preparing the apostles for the great lesson that the gospel was for all who were obedient.

The Pharisee and the Publican

The Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican was spoken "unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others" (Luke 18:9-14). It was not addressed to any particular class. It may be used to condemn the Pharisaic spirit of self-complacency wherever found. The Pharisee was grateful that he was better than the other in his own estimation. However, it is interesting to note that he prayed "with himself." Such prayers do not avail much with God. The repentant publican humbly asked for forgiveness and for mercy. The Lord summed up the lesson when he said, "For every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Apply the Parable of the Great Supper to our day. Why do our missionaries sometimes request applicants for baptism to wait for a while before joining the Church?
2. What proof may be cited from the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus of the conditions hereafter? Are spirits separated in paradise?
3. Discuss the Parable of the Unprofitable Servants as it applies to us. Are we willing to give more than is required of us in the service of the Lord?
4. What was the sin of the Pharisee who went up to the temple to pray? Show the danger of Latter-day Saints partaking of this spirit.

References in the Gospels

Matt. 8:19, 20; 9:10-13; 12:10; 19:3-12, 16-30; 18:12-14; 20:1-16.

Mark 10:13-31; 2:15-17.

Luke: 5:29-32; 9:52-56; 10:25; 14:1-35; 15:11-32; 16:1-31; 17:1-37; 18:1-14, 18-30.

There Is Joy

Evelyn Fjeldsted

There is song in the wind as it flies
Through the willows and trees near a stream,
There are lessons in mountains and fields;
There is joy in a hope and a dream.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 3—"These Things I Have Spoken Unto You, That in Me Ye Might Have Peace" (John 16:33)

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, December 6, 1949

Objective: To affirm that through conforming our lives to the teachings of Christ, we may possess peace in our souls.

CHRIST came to prepare men's hearts so that they, as worthy subjects, would develop characteristics of the kingdom of God. A righteous kingdom cannot be established by unrighteous subjects. It follows then that the more closely individuals conform their lives to the teachings of Christ, the more nearly are they fitted to be his subjects. If they live according to his laws they will have peace in their hearts, for his is a peaceful kingdom. Love is the foundation of his teachings. Faith in God and service to fellow men, justice, tolerance, and forgiveness are characteristics of the true followers of the Master. "These things I have spoken unto you," he said, "that in me ye might have peace" (John 16:33).

Not all wars are waged on fields of battle. Turmoil as tempestuous as that of actual war can sometimes rage in human hearts, but peace that passeth understanding can be had by those who have learned the way of peace. Never has there been a time when more people were confused and troubled and seeking for that great blessing, peace of mind. And yet how simple it would be for them to obtain it through righteous living. They are like the youthful characters in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, who set out from their home in search of happiness only to find, after wandering far and near, that it had been within their reach in the familiar surroundings of their own home all the time.

In his book *Unto the Hills*, in the section titled "Peace Within and Without," Elder Richard L. Evans has made some significant statements. He defines peace as belonging:

> . . . to an attitude of mind which leaves the windows of the soul open to all truth and the will to live in accordance with that truth . . . . Peace is more than mere absence of war. It is a mode of living, a state of well-being; a condition of self-control and social balance . . . . He who has mastered self has found peace, even though there be no peace around him (*Unto the Hills*, page 123 ff.).

What are the spoilers of inward peace? Elder Evans answers:

> . . . vanity and self-love, greed, unholy ambitions, crooked thinking . . . . the memory of things that should never have been done; the confusion that lurks in the human mind when the line of demarkation between truth and error is obscured; the consciousness of time's passing quickly by without our having freighted it with a full measure of achievement . . . . In short those things which

destroy our peace are the things which in all times and in all ages have been forbidden to men by the Lord God and the wisdom of experience . . . . The price of peace is obedience—obedience to all that the ages have proved, obedience to all that the Lord has commanded, and obedience to all of those finer things that men already know in their inmost hearts (*Ibid.*, page 124 ff.).

Work Meeting—Sewing

Children's Clothing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Play Clothes

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, December 13, 1949

SINCE a very large part of children's lives is spent at play, clothes for play assume an important place in their wardrobes. Though they are quite expensive to buy, they can be made at little cost and are easy to do.

Children are vigorous at play and often careless of their apparel. We do not want them to be unduly destructive or careless. But, on the other hand, we certainly do not want to dress them in such a manner that they are too conscious of their clothes and thus hampered in their play. Material for these garments must be appropriate to their purpose. They should be durable and very sturdy. And they should be made of fabrics that can easily be laundered.

Play clothes should be quite comfortable for the wearer. They should allow ample room for activity and growth. If a child's clothes restrict him or are irritating, this will likely be reflected in his actions and disposition. He will show his irritation and dissatisfaction by becoming fretful or even naughty.

Play clothes, almost more than any others, need to be made so that they are easy to put on and off. For younger children, choose the self-help style of garment. For older ones, be sure to allow plenty of placket room and long enough openings. Be sure that cuffs are not too tight and neck openings ample.

Durable workmanship is necessary if the child's garment is to withstand severe strain, hard wear, and laundering. The stitching should be adjusted for the fabric and the thread should match the fabric in strength.

Styles for play clothes are numerous and fabrics almost unlimited. Denims are sold in an endless variety of colors and designs. Some of the heavier weights of spun rayon and cotton are ideal for this use.

For the tiny tot, the coverall type of garment is easy and most satisfactory for boys and girls. As they grow older, sturdy dresses, or pedal pushers with gay shirts or jerseys, are nice for girls. Make gay flannel or cotton print shirts for boys to wear with heavy denim or cotton cord trousers.

The felled seam is generally preferable as a finish for play clothes. It

is strong and durable as well as flat and neat looking. It serves equally well for trousers or slacks and shirts.

Plackets should be ample in length and extra strong. Zipper closings are always good, as are continuous bound plackets. Either should be double stitched at the bottom.

Buttons need a reinforcement behind them. Woven tape, patches of material, or stay buttons on the wrong side of the garment help prevent them from pulling out.

Stitches of worked buttonholes should touch to make a firm edge and the thread should be sturdy.

Commercial gripper fasteners make an ideal closing for play clothes. They are easy to apply and give excellent service.

Literature—The Literature of England

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Lesson 3—The Poet Shakespeare

For Tuesday, December 20, 1949

EVEN while our world continues to worship sensation, science, and the new model, Shakespeare endures. Despite the weaknesses of youth and the busied indifferences of maturity, there are those within each generation who arise to call his name one of the sweetest and strongest in the language. Increasingly each year his works are taught and read and performed, surely to feed a constant hunger for that which sustains. Now, as always since he wrote, Shakespeare is known and loved; it is our present concern to ask why.

In this short space it would be high presumption to attempt an evaluation of William Shakespeare, the supreme English author and dramatist, as revealed in his thirty-seven plays. Setting aside, then, a study of his plays as a course to be anticipated in future years, let us attempt to learn for ourselves who Shakespeare was and is, and why the literary and poetic values of his writings are unsurpassed.

Although an immense accumulation of conjecture and opinion about Shakespeare's life now exists, actually we know precious little about him, and never has the little been more precious. In 1564 he was born in the country town of Stratford, located on the Avon River some eighty miles northwest of London. His parents were of the prosperous middle class, his father described alternately as a butcher, a wool merchant, and a dealer in gloves. At the age of eighteen Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter eight years older than he, who bore him three children.

In his early twenties he went to London. We are led to believe that he was employed in various minor jobs in one of the two London theaters, but by 1592, in his twenty-eighth year, he was known both as an actor and as a writer of plays. Soon after this date he further established his popularity among the nobility by dedicating two poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *the Rape of Lucrece* to Henry Wriothesley, Earl

of Southampton, who seems to have been his intimate friend as well as his patron (a wealthy art-lover who financed artists and musicians who in turn dedicated their works to him). Most of his sonnets are believed to have been written during this period, from 1593 to 1596. He began writing two plays each year, and directed his own company of actors. At age thirty-three he purchased the largest house in Stratford; he also maintained a home in London where, save for periodical visits to Stratford, he spent most of his time. In 1611, at the height of his highly successful career, Shakespeare suddenly severed active connections with the theater and moved to Stratford. Here for the next five years he lived the life of a respected gentleman. He continued his friendship with various actors until he died at the age of fifty-two, presumably of the dreaded plague.

About all these sketchy biographical details prove to us is that, so far as we can verify historically, his life was a simple and conventional one. He must have received no more education than the average town school offered, nor do we learn of any great mind which, during Shakespeare's most impressionable years, stimulated his genius. How, then, are we to account for the emergence of this man who, more than any other, molded into our language the strength, the flexibility, and the maturity which characterize modern English? From whence came this master dramatist-actor-poet who, it has been said, exerted more influence on the growth of British traditions, even on the growth of the British Empire itself, than any other person? Perhaps in the temper of the times, the most creative and vital in English history, lies at least part of our answer.

If Shakespeare was the flower of the Renaissance (rebirth), as he is generally acknowledged to be, the plant which produced such a bloom itself could have been no mean creation. Politically, economically, socially, and religiously, "the spacious times of Elizabeth" were epoch making. The strong, autocratic Tudors —Henry VII, Henry VIII, Elizabeth —defied any and all powers which seemed to endanger the unlimited expansion of everything English, and the emerging English middle classes but loved them the more for their courage and audacity, and for the wealth and intellectual freedom which resulted. Out of the confusion and uncertainty of the Hundred Years War with France (1337-1453) and the English civil war, known as the Wars of the Roses (1455-1485), the Tudors built a vigorous, unified England. Following the discoveries of Columbus and others, England, through her fleet and her maritime skill, made herself the crossroads of the world. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, the military and commercial supremacy of England was assured, particularly so because of Queen Elizabeth's aggressive leadership. The resulting wave of nationalism gave further growth to the "pride of the English"; Shakespeare echoed it in his historical plays glorifying the English traditions. *Henry V*, for example, has been aptly described as an English national epic in dramatic form.

Inspirational 3-Part Music FOR Women's Voices

All in the April Evening—Diack	.15
Bless This House—Brahe	.15
The Bridge Builder—Dougall	.18
Come to Me—Beethoven	.16
He Smiled on Me—O'Hara	.20
Hold Thou My Hand—Briggs	.15
How Beautiful Upon the Mountains —Harker	.16
How Lovely Are the Messengers—Mendelssohn	.12
I Shall Not Again Pass This Way—Effinger	.18
If with All Your Hearts—Mendelssohn	.15
The King of Glory—Parks	.20
The Lord's Prayer—Gates	.18

Write for information on music for all types of L.D.S. choral groups. Music sent on approval. Mail orders filled promptly. We pay postage.

We have a complete stock of popular, sacred, and classical music for home, church, and school; Steinway and Lester pianos; band and orchestra instruments and accessories; and records.

FIRST OF ALL—RELIABILITY

Daynes Music Co.

48-47 SOUTH MAIN STREET

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

When Henry VIII directed the passage of the Acts of Supremacy in 1534, England was freed from the domination of the Pope, and Henry became head of the English Church. A year later the power of the printing press became more evident when Miles Coverdale printed the first complete English Bible, and since reading and writing rapidly became common, each Englishman soon learned to read his Bible for himself.

Inevitably a new freedom characterized the realm of the intellect as well. In contrast to the other worldly Middle Ages, scholars concerned themselves with man and the immediate world about him. They sought to explain their environment as perceived by the senses. As a result of the use of the inductive scientific method, the sciences of chemistry, physics, and medicine began to emerge from the realms of superstition and quackery. Literature followed the classical Greek models, and borrowed profusely from Continental literary fashions, particularly those of Italy. Written by some Oxford scholars, but largely by gentlemen of the court and the middle classes, the literature became experimental, word conscious, and purely lyrical, so filled with natural melody and song that poetry might seem to be the common speech of Englishmen. The "spaciousness" of the age was surely not in physical London, which to us would in part be smelly, dirty, unsanitary, and cruel; instead, as Englishmen walked her narrow streets, it was their imaginations which soared without restraint. They saw visions and dreamed dreams of "brave new

worlds," and, to describe what they saw and felt, they wrote for us the incredibly rich Elizabethan literature, brimming with virility, naturalness, and originality.

It is in probing this vein that we may enjoy the richest ore literature has produced: the writings of Shakespeare. However, we must remember that literature is never the sum total of whatever biographical details, sources, and influence were drawn upon in producing it. Literary excellence is not dependent upon the materials of a work of art, but upon what use is made of the materials. This observation is particularly pertinent in studying Shakespeare, who borrowed the plots of almost all his plays. Wherein, then, does his originality lie?

Like Chaucer, Shakespeare knew all classes, types, and characters of humanity. Neither condemning nor praising, neither concealing unflattering reality nor slighting the humorous or lovely, he looked into the heart of all humanity and wrote of what he saw with a piercing, lyrical freshness, and a deep-probing intellectual intensity which by their own stamp of excellence are peculiarly his. He has been halfway defined, almost too often, as a master in the use of words. As if one's literary excellence invariably increases in direct ratio to the size of one's vocabulary! We must remember Henry Ward Beecher's thought, that "Words are pegs to hang ideas on." Not to deny that Shakespeare's word list is both large and pure: it is phenomenally so. But the beauty and the power of his style are produced, not by the isolated words he uses, but by his power of combining

SEARS
ROEBUCK AND CO.

CANYON COOL For YOUR SHOPPING COMFORT

Spend a few comfortable, cool shopping hours at Sears! Clean, water-washed, pollen-free air, gives you relief from hot summer days!

Main or State at 8th South
SALT LAKE CITY

Joseph Wm. Taylor
UTAH PIONEER
Mortuary
Organized 1882

Since then there have been held
134 CONFERENCES

LISTEN TO KDYL
SUNDAY 9:45 A.M.

Marguerite Taylor Beck
Charles Asher Beck

125 North Main Phone 3-7824
SALT LAKE CITY

For BEAUTIFUL
Spring Flowers
Bulbs, Plants and Seeds must be Planted This Fall
Call or Write for FREE
BULB and SEED Catalog
Giving Full Details
Everything for the Home Grounds
At Our New Motor Mart Garden
PORTER-WALTON CO.
550 South 6th East
Salt Lake City, Utah

FALL TERM
Plan now to enroll Sept. 6
You can qualify better for a business career with the thorough training you'll receive at L. D. S. Business College.
Inquiries welcomed at any time.
Write for free literature
L. D. S. Business College
70 North Main Salt Lake City

words to force them to express precisely the idea or emotion he would convey to his audience.

Shakespeare is a *lyric* poet, two terms equally difficult of definition. An attempt to define *poetry* is doomed to no more success than an attempt to define music, beauty, love; it is much easier exemplified than defined. Originally with the Greeks, *lyric* designated that which was to be sung with the lyre; the lyric is still to be identified by its melody and song-like quality, but it is a melody more of manner than of form. Any intense personal emotion—religion, love, grief—may be the material of a lyrical poem; all the emotions provide the subject matter of Shakespeare's lyrics. Pertinent here, both for manner and content, is Miranda's speech from *The Tempest*:

O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,
That has such people in't.

If Shakespeare is the universal poet, we should find at once that his imagery attracts us; a reading of Shakespeare should clear our minds and souls of the trivial and the artificial, and from the truth and intensity of its content make us feel vibrantly aware and alive. Not only can Shakespeare perceive the truth, but he catches its essence and hands it to us for the taking, condensed in a nutshell. For example, "Tender inward of the hand" delicately catches the assence of an almost intangible, yet very real, sensation; "liberty plucks justice by the nose" tells far more than it says. The list of such

illustrations in Shakespeare is endless—as vast as Shakespeare himself.

Because his phrases and epigrams are uniquely apt and therefore memorable, Shakespeare has lent many of them to our language, from "Brevity is the soul of wit" to "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." Probably more of his phrases have been used as book titles than those of any other writer; throughout the centuries the music and intensity of his lines have found a sure audience. Consider, for example, the following, but a few of his best known:

Use every man after his desert,
And who should 'scape whipping
(*Hamlet*).

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all (*Hamlet*).

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child (*King Lear*).

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's molds, all germens spill at once
That make ungrateful man! . . . .
Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain! (*King Lear*).

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it (*Macbeth*).

If music be the food of love, play on
(*Twelfth Night*).

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet
(*Romeo and Juliet*).

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops
(*Romeo and Juliet*).

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes (*Merchant of Venice*).

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony
(*Merchant of Venice*).

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come
(*Julius Caesar*).

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed (*Othello*).

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts (*As You Like It*).

The music of Shakespeare's lyrical note is found pure and undefiled in the songs from the plays, which actually were sung. Most of his plays contain a few such songs, while *The Tempest* contains so many that it approaches opera. For a natural freshness and charm, for simple, memorable word music, his songs are

CONFERENCE VISITORS . . .

Delight in coming to our store to see the newest things in GIFTS

An advanced showing of oustanding and distinctive

PERSONALIZED

Christmas Cards . . .

You will find it a pleasure to browse among these displays of Cards of newest design and beauty

EVERYTHING IN OFFICE FURNITURE

Pembroke's

24 East Broadway

Professional and Social Stationery

COMMERCIAL AND EDITION PRINTERS AND BOOK BINDERS PAPER RULING

DESERET NEWS PRESS

29 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah

unrivalled. For example, read aloud from our text, pp. 429-433 those which most appeal to you, whether it be "When icicles hang by the wall" for its strong, everyday imagery and skillful use of contrast; "Who is Sylvia?" for its music and pure lyrical beauty; "You spotted snakes with double tongue," for music and realistic imagery of nature; "Tell me where is fancy bred" for its unusual rhythm and intellectual surprise; "Under the greenwood tree" for its lilting, carefree praise of nature; "It was a lover and his lass" for sparkling love music; "O mistress mine," for its serene, lyrical praise of innocent love; "Hark, hark! The lark" for its music and imagery; "Full fathom five" for its mood of eerie mystery; and "Where the bee sucks" for the simple but unrivalled charm of nature.

Let us sum up some of the qualities of Shakespeare's greatness. He is the poet in whose writings all the separate elements that make up poetry have been combined in greatest beauty. Perhaps the first of these qualities is his portrayal of humanity. He possessed a profound and sympathetic knowledge of mankind and created characters with individuality that yet are typical and subtly like the people you and I know. Second, he is the master in the English language in the use of words for the beauty in themselves and as the servants of thought. Third, the beauty and power of his style are produced by his ability to make words express precisely the idea or emotion he would convey. Fourth, his use of the whole scale of emotions from tragic pathos to rollicking jollity with a middle range

of all the emotions of human experience is unsurpassed. Fifth, his deep-probing intellectual intensity lives. Sixth, lyrical freshness of rhyme, verse, and prose and the ability to vary these rhythms with every shade of thought characterize all his works. Seventh, he was possessed of mellow wisdom and understanding. And eighth, his appreciation of nature and the undescribable lightness and grace as well as the deep thundering force of his descriptions are memorable. These things, as well as the very personal appeal to each of us, are the greatness of Shakespeare.

Note to Class Leaders:

For background read the introductory essay, pp. 279-305, particularly 279-290, 299-305, and "William Shakespeare," pp. 423-424. In reading the best of his sonnets, pp. 424-429, you will find they hold you and reward you and you will want to present some of them to your group, since here we find lyric poetry and the sonnet form at their best. Numbers 18, 33, and 116 are favorites. Unfortunately sonnet 71 has been omitted from our text, but may be found on page 626 of this *Magazine*. Present each sonnet as a unit by reading it aloud, then discussing its values and difficulties.

Questions:

1. Would you say Shakespeare's mind and imagery were dominated by his years in London, or by his years in Stratford?
2. Did Shakespeare achieve fame as a poet before he become known as a poet and playwright?
3. Can Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth be said to have influenced Shakespeare's genius in any way?
4. If to us Elizabethan London might seem cramped and dirty, wherein was the orign of the "spaciousness" of this most important age in England's history?
5. Discuss Shakespeare as a lyric poet.
6. Bring to class some titles of books taken from Shakespeare's phrases.
7. Be prepared to cite favorite passages from Shakespeare.

Suggestion: Correlate music with the lesson by the use of such Shakespearean songs as "Who Is Sylvia?" as special music.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND OPTIONAL LESSONS

No lessons are planned for December in these departments, due to the holiday season.

Night

Jeanette P. Parry

I love the night, the magic night
That settles soft and still,
And beckons to the rising moon
That peeks above the hill.

I love the night, deep purple night,
When cares of day are gone,
I love the night when shadows break—
For it reveals the dawn.

A Friend Like You

Hilde Wittemund

I do not ask for silver or gold,
Not for a palace or lands,
But I do ask for a friend like you,
A friend who understands.
When stormy clouds of trouble come
When you need helping hands,
Then let me be the chosen one—
The friend who understands.
It is a dream so sacred, true,
A dream that never ends,
If I can have a friend like you—
A friend, who understands.

From Near and Far

Since the death of my husband *The Relief Society Magazine* has been a second companion to me. Countless times I have found answer to my problems from its fine, down-to-earth editorials. I enjoy the stories that leave one better for having read them and the interesting, stimulating articles that enrich my household.

—Flossie Caldwell, Monrovia, California

The Relief Society Magazine has long been a part of my household. As time goes on it seems to take on added interest. I enjoy very much the beautiful and spiritual editorials. Just the other day the July number, with the preview of the coming year's lessons, came. The first installment of early English literature, by Briant S. Jacobs, is especially interesting. The lesson is portrayed so beautifully and in such an understandable way that I couldn't lay aside the *Magazine* until I had read the lesson all the way through.

—Ann W. Beauregard, Salt Lake City, Utah

I appreciate the inspiring lessons we have had and receive so much benefit myself while I study. When we had our last lesson in May the sisters expressed themselves as to how much the lessons had strengthened their testimonies and they related incidents where stories and readings had helped them to understand the gospel more fully.

—Mrs. Myrtle G. Olson, Cardston, Alberta, Canada

I am receiving the *Magazine* every month and I look forward to its coming. It is a very interesting little book. It is spring weather here in England and the trees and hedges and shrubs are coming out beautifully.

With kind regards,

—Lizzie Redington,
Hastingwood, Essex, England

I have thoroughly enjoyed every issue of your *Magazine* and all the Relief Society lessons, too. May you have continued success.

—Jean C. Martindale, Hailey, Idaho

I appreciate receiving *The Relief Society Magazine* as it contains many things that are helpful in starting conversations with the women we meet while out tracting. I also find that the *Magazine* is a missionary within itself. Most women in general are interested in the part the women play in the Church.

—Elder Richard L. Sisam,
Schenectady, New York

Once again it is time to renew my subscription for the most wonderful *Magazine* in the world! May I tell you how I enjoy the *Magazine* and my mother and my grandmother in the Deep South also express their feelings on how much the *Magazine* has helped them.

—Dorothy B. Moon, Hanna, Utah

The poetry in the *Magazine* is of such fine quality it makes me happy to have an acceptance from you. I also enjoy the entire *Magazine*, but read the poetry first.

—Katie Harris Lewis, Malad City, Idaho

What lovely stories you publish. I do enjoy the *Magazine*.

—Grace Sayre, Pasadena, California

Truly saying, if each woman who takes this wonderful *Magazine* would share it and its teachings with her neighbor, how much more love could be given and that is what the world is in need of today.

—Orpha B. Nally, Lordsburg, New Mexico

How often have I wished for some impressive way of expressing to you my keen appreciation and love for our *Relief Society Magazine* and for the help and inspiration its many departments have brought to me during the last thirteen years that I have labored as a literary class leader.

—Cleopha J. Jensen,
Brigham City, Utah

I love your *Magazine*. My little daughter and I read it together, setting aside time each day to do so.

—Iris Taylor Connolly, Salt Lake City

Relief Society Literature Course

TEXT BOOK

"The Literature of England"

by Woods, Watt and Anderson
(Third Edition)

$4.50 PER COPY

by mail, $4.75

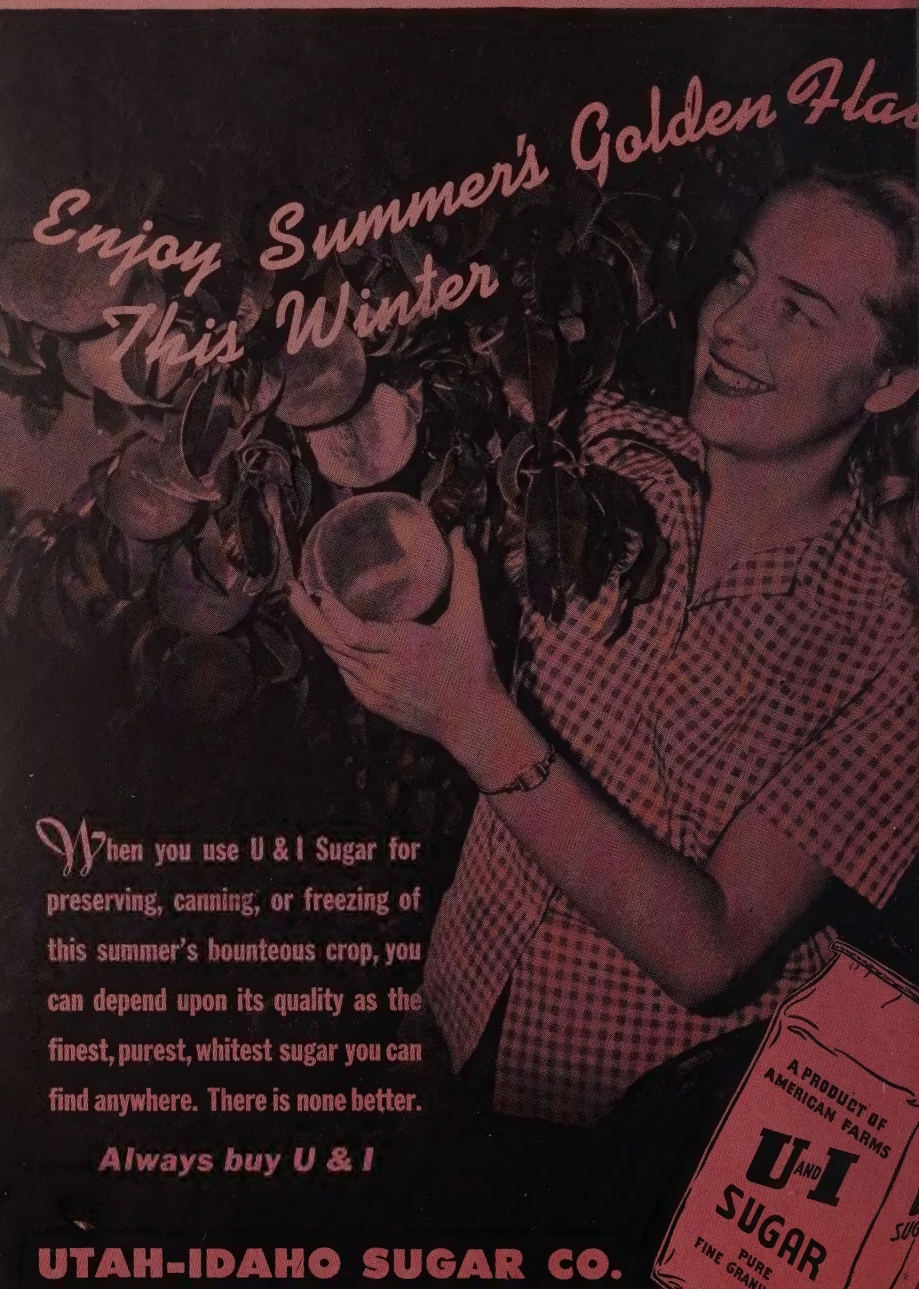
AVAILABLE NOW

DESERET BOOK COMPANY

44 East South Temple Salt Lake City 10, Utah

BANCROFT LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY 4 CALIF

GEN BO-47-8453 DEC


Enjoy Summer's Golden Flav
This Winter
When you use U & I Sugar for preserving, canning, or freezing of this summer's bounteous crop, you can depend upon its quality as the finest, purest, whitest sugar you can find anywhere. There is none better.
Always buy U & I
A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN FARMS
U AND I
SUGAR
PURE
UTAH-IDAHO SUGAR CO.